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SPECIAL

Swift's
Boy Washing Pow
4 7-oz. pkgs, 10c

Armour's Certified
milk Complexion S
6 cakes, 29c

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CRISPIES, pkg

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122

BEST QUALITY
TER WRAPPE
vegetable Parchment

with net weight is

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40c Per Pound

FORD COUNTY CH

Bethel, Maine

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THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PAGE XL—NUMBER 29.

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1934.

Four Cents A Copy—\$2.00 A Year

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Bean has gone to Kingfield hunting trip.
W. R. Chapman went to New Monday for two weeks.
Lucy Fox is enjoying a vacation from her work at Mrs. A. Erick's.
A little daughter of Dr. and Harry M. Wilson has been born Barbara.
Kimball, who has been visiting Simeon Keddy's, returned to Bethel Friday.
Mrs. E. H. Smith and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn were in Portland Monday.
Margaret Dalzell of Gorham School spent the week end in Stanley Wentzel's.
C. W. Hall is confined to her bed by illness and Mrs. Lennie is working for her.
Gibbs of Haverford, Penna., visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, for a few days.
Mrs. Frank Frost of Bethel were week end guests of Mrs. G. N. Sanborn.
Belle Jones and son of Der-N. H. were last week's guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clark.
Mrs. John Bean of Rumor were week end guests of his father, W. F. Bean, and family.
Mrs. Freeland King and children of Bath were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harold

Miss Evelyn P. Brinck and The Strout of Lewiston were week guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brinck.
N. Robertson, F. O. Robertson, and Edward Robertson are spending the week end in New York Connecticut.
Twenty-seven people who were expected to attend church last Sunday failed to appear. Were you absent without excuse?
A gathering of over 40 young people celebrated the birthday of Phyllis Davis at the Methodist church Friday evening.
Carl C. Gaffney returned to his home in East Weymouth, Mass., for visiting at the home of Mr. Mrs. Arthur C. Brinck.
Robert Littlehale and friend of Bethel, Mass., were guests of parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Littlehale, a few days last week.
Misses Betty Edwards and Mary born went to Barton, Vt., Wednesday where they will spend a week with Mrs. Bertha Edwards.
Schools in town closed Wednesday to allow the teachers to attend convention of the Maine Teachers Association at Portland Thursday.

Mrs. Kenneth Williams, daughter of Woburn, Mass., recent guests of Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. F.

Enna Vinal of Vinalhaven, Helmi Pilpo of Hebron, and Ed Paine of North Anson were end visitors at the Methodist

about 30 Rebekahs, Odd Fellows invited guests enjoyed a picnic Wednesday evening at DeWitt's camp in Ketchum. Songs and a general good time were enjoyed.

Doris Clifford, who has been living in the F. E. R. A. school house, Manchester, returned Saturday and substituted Mr. Bean in the eighth grade week.

Myrtle Lapham, Mrs. Mary A. Mrs. Ruth Stearns, Misses and Florence Twitchell attended the annual meeting of Oxford County Farm Bureau held at Bethel Friday.

The Red Cross headquarters are located over Lyon's store, but goods will be given out until 15th. The Red Cross is requesting no flour or cloth from the federal government at present.

Ladies' Club will hold an all sale of used articles at Garland Hall on Thursday, Nov. 8. A price will be attractive. Please posters and next week's Citizen for complete information.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS MEET AT SOUTH WATERFORD TONIGHT

The Annual Convention of the Sixteenth Pythian District will be held with Valley Spring Lodge, No. 104, at South Waterford, Thursday evening, October 25, in the Grange Hall.

Programme
Supper served by South Waterford Circle in Grange Dining Hall from 7 to 8 o'clock at 50c a plate. Convention opened by Valley Spring Lodge at 8:15 o'clock.

Address of Welcome by Chancellor Commander Richard Sanborn. Response by Deputy Grand Chancellor, Alden Chase.

Rank of Page exemplified by Pennessewassee Lodge, No. 18 of Norway. Business.

Good of the Order: remarks by G. K. R. & S. Harold S. Elder and other Grand Lodge officers. All Knights are invited to attend.

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE

Pleasant Valley Grange met in regular session Oct. 23 with sixteen members and two visitors present. The meeting was opened and closed in form and the time given over to the children. The hall was decorated in Halloween colors and the following Halloween program under the direction of Miss Hazel Grover and Miss Iva Bartlett was carried out.

Spook Concert, Grammar School
Halloween, Kenneth Saunders
Fairy Folk, Primary Children
The Two Ghosts, Joe Waterman
Recitation, Grace Skillings
A Stern Old Owl, Richard Bean
Halloween Exercise, Richard Bean

Discontented Pumpkin, Robert Perry
Halloween Wish, Gertrude Waterman
Who is Afraid? Kenneth McNelis
Recitation, Alne Davis
The Lambkin Laughed, Robert Davis

Small Girls' Halloween Charm, Elizabeth Lowell
Dancing Witches, Primary Children
Playlet, October Days, Grammar School

Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

TRUE A. EAMES

True Ambrose Eames died suddenly at his home Sunday night. Mr. Eames had been in frail health for the past six years as a result of a shock, but seemed as well as usual when death came suddenly at 10 o'clock Sunday night.

He was born at North Newry Nov. 22, 1879, the son of Samuel and Althea Littlehale Eames, and lived in his native town until 24 years ago when he moved to a farm on Paradise road, about two miles from Bethel village, where he has since made his home. He was a carpenter by occupation, and as long as health permitted worked at his trade besides attending to his farm duties.

Thirty-one years ago he was united in marriage with Miss Lulu Cross of Bethel and two sons were born to them.

Mr. Eames was a past master of Bethel Lodge, No. 97, F. and A. M., and a man devoted to his home and family.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Lulu Eames; two sons, Garard C. and Theodore R. Eames, both of Bethel; a niece, Miss Bertha Cross of Bethel, who has lived with Mr. and Mrs. Eames since babyhood and is like an own daughter; his mother, Mrs. Althea Eames, and one brother, Arnold Eames, both of North Newry; besides several cousins, nieces and nephews.

Services were held at his late home Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 8, T. Achenbach of Farmington officiating. The Masonic service was performed by members of his Lodge. Interment was in Woodlawn cemetery.

Mrs. D. C. Philbrook returned last week from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Henry Stevens of Portland, and daughter, Mrs. Raymond Jackson, at Amesbury, Mass.

* RED CROSS MAKES ANNUAL DRIVE FOR MEMBERSHIP AND USEFUL SUPPLIES

The Red Cross Roll Call will begin November 5th. Everyone will be solicited for membership. The quota this year is 120 members.

Saturday, Nov. 3rd, the Red Cross bags will be left at the different houses with the request that all outgrown or discarded garments that are clean and usable may be placed therein and left outside the door for collection November 10th. There will be need for all the help that can be extended.

INSTALLATION OF MT. ABRAM LODGE, I. O. O. F.

The annual installation of officers was held by Mt. Abram Lodge, I. O. O. F., last Friday evening. The regular meeting was preceded by a supper served by the Rebekahs and during the repast a fine musical program was presented by the Misses Phyllis Davis, Elizabeth Lyon, Kathryn Brinck, Florine Bean, Louise Demeritt and Faye Mitchell.

The officers were installed by District Deputy Grand Master Farr of West Paris, assisted by the following grand officers, all of West Paris:

Marshal—R. L. Herrick
Warden—Willie Lane
Chaplain—G. A. Swift
Guardian—Geo. Jackson
Herald—Clarence Richardson
Secretary—Henry Stone
Treasurer—E. D. Curtis

Officers Installed
Noble Grand—Carl Brown
Vice Grand—Jasper Cates
Secretary—Arthur Brinck
Treasurer—C. O. Demeritt
Warden—F. E. Russell
Conductor—Frank Garrett
Inside Guardian—Sidney Chamberlin

Outside Guardian—F. L. Edwards
R. S. N. G.—C. O. Demeritt
L. S. N. G.—H. T. Sawin

DEPUTY HAROLD PIKE VISITS BEAR RIVER GRANGE

Bear River Grange, Newry Corner, opened in regular session Saturday evening, Oct. 20th, Worthy Master Daniel Wight in the chair. Officers pro tem: Chaplain, Ida Wight; Overseer, Frances Bean; A. S., Fred Wight.

Under conferring degrees, after a short recess for preparation, the young people's degree team proceeded to confer the fourth degree which was nicely done.

Following the degree work several communications were read and acted upon. The Grange voted to give use of the hall to the Farm Bureau of Newry for meeting Oct. 31. There were remarks by Bro. Pike on the degree work. Sister Pike was called upon for remarks and responded very graciously. Bro. Clifford of Bethel Grange extended an invitation to Bear River Grange to attend services at his church Sunday, Oct. 21, at 11 a. m. There were 31 members and five visitors present.

LITERARY PROGRAMME
Songs, Grange
Paper on "The Art of Going Visiting" by Carrie Wight,
read by Ida Wight
History of Bear River Grange, Daniel Wight
Roll Call, responded to by all
Reading, Gwendolin Godwin
Contest, Worthy Lecturer

An invitation from Alder River Grange was read, to meet with them Wednesday evening at their regular meeting. The same was accepted. Grange closed in form. Sandwiches, cake, and coffee were served.

State Commander Herbert R. Bean left last Thursday afternoon to attend the national convention of the American Legion at Miami, Fla.

The Bethel Musicians will have their next meeting and a short informal recital at Mrs. Greenleaf's on Monday, Oct. 22, at 4:30. Parents and friends are invited.

AM. LEGION SPONSORING BENEFIT ENTERTAINMENT FOR BLUEBIRD ORCHESTRA

Under the auspices of the local American Legion a concert and entertainment will be given in Odeon Hall on Thursday evening, Nov. 1, at 8 p. m. All profits will be given to the Bluebird Orchestra. The members of the George A. Mundt Post desire to show their appreciation of the Bluebird Orchestra and make this opportunity. On many occasions during the past few years the Bluebirds have given generously of their time and talents. Now the public can show their gratitude to these young musicians and their faithful and efficient director, Mrs. Ralph Young.

This will be the first occasion when any admission has been asked to hear their excellent music. Varied costumes will enhance the enjoyment and give illusion to the excellent program. Mrs. Lee Wentzell will sing and Earl Eldredge makes an appearance in a specialty. The program follows:

Overture, Victory, Bluebirds
Cornet Duet, Kiss Me Again, Henry Hastings, Richard Young
Violin Solo, Aerial, Elizabeth Lyon
Costume Dance, Little Dutch Mill, Virginia Davis, orchestra acc.
Clarinet Solo, Longing for Home, Rosalind Rowe

Saxophone Duet, Barcarole, Earl Palmer, Parker Brown
Banjo Solo, Clichequot, Sidney Howe
Orchestra Selection, Waltz Tomette
Violin Duet, Hungarian Rhapsody, Elizabeth Lyon, Rodney Eames
Song in Costume, The Man on the Flying Trapeze, Dana Brooks, orchestra acc.

Clarinet Duet, Alita, Rosalind Rowe, Talbot Crane
Serenade, Ferns and Flowers, Bluebird Orchestra
One Minute Interlude
Finale—Spanish Scene:

Song in Costume, Play to Me Gypsy, Richard Young acc. by Hawaiian guitars, Barbara Hall, Elizabeth Bean
Accordian Solo, O Sole Mio, Phyllis Davis
Solo Dance in Spanish Costume, Virginia Davis

Orchestra selection
Cornet and Clarinet Duet, Gypsy Love Song, Rosalind Rowe, Richard Young
The second part of the program will be presented by the American Legion. Plenty of laughs. Your support will be appreciated and an entertaining evening is assured. All seats reserved at Bosserman's, 35c.

WEST BETHEL DELEGATION ATTENDS METHODIST CHURCH

The Methodist Church welcomed a delegation from West Bethel Sunday evening and in spite of inclement weather over 30 visitors were present. The feature of the service was a big sing and the visitors certainly did their part. The pastor, Mr. Clifford, spoke from the third chapter of John, New Life and New Love for the New Day. It is expected that Locke Mills and East Bethel will be invited for an evening soon.

Sunday morning will be an observance of the Sesquicentennial of Methodism in America. The pastor will speak on Methodism and the Kingdom of God. Sunday evening, Halloween Service. Subject, Ghosts and Goblins. Another big sing.

A small group, primarily women, who have persevered and worked for several years to accumulate funds for a gymnasium and auditorium to be used by the school and public, are about to realize their object. Only by great enthusiasm and courage has this body, the Parent Teachers' Association, saved enough money to finally start construction of such a building on the school grounds at Bryant Pond. They are being aided by the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (F. E. R. A.), which is furnishing the labor cost.

Excavation was begun this morning for a concrete culvert under the new road near the railroad crossing. A detour has been built around this work. It is understood that the work of putting in a gravel base will begin soon.

AWARDS GIVEN AT ANNUAL MEETING

Exhibits of very high quality marked one of the most outstanding features of Oxford County's Farm Bureau annual meeting. Sixteen communities set up exhibits in the hall. First honor was given to Woodstock, with an exhibit entitled "Nature's Toothbrush." The second honor was given to Mexico for an exhibit on Table Setting. There was a tie between Hiram and North Rumford for third place, the subject of Hiram's exhibit being "Pressing at Home," and that of North Rumford "Tomatoes for Health."

The other communities exhibiting are as follows: Middle Intervale, South Hiram, and Bethel, "Jellies and Marmalades;" North Newry and Waterford, "Cake Making;" Norway, "Fruits;" Upton, "Child Feeding;" West Paris, "Square Meal for Health;" South Paris, "Children's Clothing;" East Bethel, "Greens;" Dixfield, "Home Beautification;" Canton, "Nature's Toothbrush;" Rumford "Winter Gardening."

NEW BOOKS AT BETHEL LIBRARY

Non-Fiction
Dictionary of American Biography, edited by Dumas Malone, given by I. S. Rich
Roman Spring, Mrs. Winthrop Chandler

42 Years in the White House, Irwin H. (Ike) Hoover
Emden Town of Yore, Ernest George Walker
A Conquest of Tibet, Sven Hedin
Fiction
Twin Lights, Sara Ware Bassett, given by Mrs. Paul Aames

The Way Ume, Edith A. Sawyer, given by Edith A. Sawyer
Sandbar Smelter, Phoebe Atwood Taylor
The Mexican Twins, Lucy Flitch Perkins

Alexander: The Tale of a Monkey, Marion and Edith Brown
Romantic Rebel, Hildegrade Hawthorne
Years Are So Long, Josephine Lawrence

Captain Nicholas, Hugh Walpole
Mary Peters, Mary Ellen Chase
Dusk at the Grove, Samuel Rogers
The Casino Murder Case, S. S. Van Dine

Best American Mystery Stories, Carolyn Wells
Death Lights a Candle, Phoebe Atwood Taylor
Masks Off at Midnight, Valentine Williams

The Cape Cod Mystery, Phoebe Atwood Taylor
Treasure Trove, E. B. and A. A. Knipo

Miss Evelyn Childerhouse of Wilbraham, Mass., arrived the first of the week to direct the production of "The World's All Right," which will be presented under the auspices of the Bethel Baseball Association at Odeon Hall Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Nov. 7 and 8.

East Boston Mother Tells a Secret

How do you keep your children so nice and healthy? This question pleases Mrs. McKay, who now tells her neighbors: "I happened to hear about

Dr. True's Elixir
Laxative Worm Expeller

through a relative—as my little boy was for some time troubled with loss of appetite, restlessness at night and at times was very fretful, I decided to try Dr. True's Elixir. . . . He began to improve immediately and in a very short time he was well. . . . I would never be without it." —Mrs. E. G. McKay, 429A Saratoga St., E. Boston (Mass.).

Signs of Worms are: Constipation, deranged stomach, swollen upper lip, offensive breath, hard and full stomach with pains, pale face, eyes heavy, short dry cough, grinding of the teeth, etc.

Dr. True's Elixir laxative-worm expeller is a pure herb medicine. . . . mild and pleasant to take.

Successfully used for 81 years.

SOYBEAN PRODUCTS - IN GOOD DEMAND

By Dr. John M. Eyvard
Formerly Professor Animal Husbandry Iowa State College

The future market for the soybeans of the farmstead promises to be exceptionally good because of the many products in good demand which may be made from or are now being produced from the bean crop. The marked success of soybeans as an outstanding feed producing crop has been but one of the many potent factors which stimulated the marked increase in soybean acreage throughout the nation.

Soybean hay is now widely harvested to economic advantage in all soybean growing areas. The grazing of soybeans is not now so popular a method of harvesting as it was a couple of decades ago, but even at that probably about one-tenth of the acreage is still garnered as pasture, particularly in the south eastern states. The use of soybeans as a complementary crop to corn, the combination being ensiled, hogged down, or "sheeped off" is waning because the "combination corn-soybean crop" practice has not proven as profitable as once anticipated; on the other hand the harvesting of soybeans for seed has proven relatively speaking, more and more profitable throughout the years.

Several million bushels of soybeans have been crushed for industrial and food uses in recent years. The ready cashability of the harvested seed is a fruitful factor in the stimulation of the soybean growing interest which has resulted in a marked expansion of soybean acreage in many states of the middle west, the east, and the south. Stewart Burlington and associates of the University of Illinois make this pertinent statement in a recent publication, "Beginning with 1929 the absorption of soybeans by the mills has been a potent factor influencing production."

Three of the outstanding milled products secured from the soybean are: edible and industrial soybean oil, soybean flour for baking and cooking, and soybean oil meal for livestock and domestic animal feeding. There is a steadily increasing appreciation of these soybean products and the demand therefore is on the "up" side.

Soybean oil has gained much in market favor in the latest decade. The newer methods developed in late years for the processing and refining of soybean oil have resulted in a marked improvement of the oil qualities for specific purposes, whether that be in the manufacture of margarine, salad oil, blends, mayonnaise, lard substitutes, candles, paints, varnishes, enamels, linoleum, oil cloth, soaps, printers ink or other "soybean oil carrying" products.

In speaking of the soybean in an article entitled "New Farm Industries," and appearing in Printers Ink this latest summer of 1934, Charles Morrow Wilson says, "In a very few years the soybean has changed from a 'fad import' to a great and dependable harvest." "Paint experts are looking upon the crop as a new hope for their industry since the oil builds an unflattering brilliance in paint colors, makes the whitest of all whites and forms an unequalled base for heavy and slow-drying paints."

Surely the soybean offers much to agriculturists and industrialists, now and in the years to come. Our wholly expanded soybean acreage rests on sound economical ground.

BRYANT POND

Bryant Pond Garden Club
The Bryant Pond Garden Club met Oct. 18 with Mrs. Constance Alger at Maple Inn, Bethel. The following officers were elected for the coming year:

President—Mrs. Addelynn Mann, Scarborough
Vice President—Mrs. Mildred Scarborough
Secretary—Mrs. Florence Bean
Treasurer—Mrs. Mame Crockett
The president appointed the following committees: Committee to draw up some by-laws; Mrs. Constance Alger, Mrs. Cora May Crockett, Program committee; Mrs. Nellie Billings, Mrs. Stella Bacon and Mrs. Arthur Stowell.

Several guessing contests were enjoyed. Refreshments were served by the hostess. Everyone had a very enjoyable time. The next meeting will be the evening of Nov. 15, at Mrs. Cora Crockett's at Locke Mills.

Jefferson Chapter, O. E. S.
Friday evening, Jefferson Chapter, O. E. S., held its stated meeting. It being Past Matrons and Patron's Night, the chairs were filled by the following officers:

W. M.—Annie Bryant
V. P.—Alton Bacon
A. M.—Bessie Billings
A. P.—Fred Cole
C.—Bertha Davis
A. C.—Marion Tibbetts
Treas.—G. W. Q. Perham
Sec'y.—Ida Farnum
Chap.—Edith Abbott
Planist—Gertrude Redman
Marshal—Abner Mann
W.—Stella Bacon
Sentinel—Dana Dudley

A supper was served at 6:30. After the meeting the following program was put on:

Address of Welcome, Bessie Billings
Duet, Star of the East, Cora Perham, Annie Davis
Reading, Edith Abbott
Song, encore, Gertrude Redman
Reading, To the Brothers, Bertha Davis
Reading, Cora May Crockett
Song, encore, G. W. Q. Perham
Purity Chapter was present as invited guests, also several from other Chapters. Also Past Worthly Grand Patron, Charles W. Carll and Mrs. Carll.

Franklin Grange
Franklin Grange held its regular meeting Saturday night with every officer present except one. The first and second degrees were conferred on a class of two and the third and fourth on two others. The third and fourth degrees will be given at the next meeting.

Will Young and Mrs. Bertha Houghton of West Somerville, Mass., came here Saturday night and Mrs. Houghton's mother, Mrs. Annah Perham returned home with them Monday, where she will spend the winter.

Mrs. Louise Willard, Mrs. Myrtle Hayes and Mrs. Lee Rowe attended the annual Farm Bureau meeting at Norway last Friday.

GIRL SCOUT NOTES

The Girl Scouts held their meeting at the home of Mrs. Earl Davis on Oct. 20 with an attendance of 18. We then started on a hike up to the Pinnacle. We built a fire and roasted waffles. After the picnic supper we played games. Then we started home. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. S. S. Greenleaf on Saturday, Oct. 27, at two o'clock.—Helen Lowe, Scout Scribe.

WOODSTOCK HIGH SCHOOL

The senior class recently held a social at the High School. It was well attended by young and old. Games were played and refreshments served with the usual success of things put across by the senior class.

Bernard Cushman, a member of the senior class, who was recently operated on for appendicitis is at his home, and receiving the best wishes from his friends for a speedy return to health and school.

The Hiking Club recently journeyed to South Pond on one of their well known hot dog roasts.

Hot dog roasts are becoming a popular institution at Woodstock High if we can judge by the ones sponsored by the various classes and societies. The junior class has recently enjoyed two such parties in different places.

Aunt Emma Sees It Through

The students of Woodstock High School, under the direction of Miss Stevens have been working on the play, "Aunt Emma Sees It Through." Miss Stevens, a member of the high school faculty, has had charge of other dramatic productions, the last of which was, "The Red Hosiery," produced at the Grange Hall. The coming play, "Aunt Emma Sees It Through," promises to be even better than those of the past. As we look over the list of characters we find a very talented group of high school students who will interpret the different characters as they should be. The following is a synopsis of the play, which speaks for itself, especially the part portrayed by Aunt Emma who has the weakness of fainting upon the mere sight of a man. Whether or not she overcomes this very grave social weakness will be a point in the play that will be watched very closely.

Synopsis—Two girls, Louise and Kathryn, have a dreary existence under the vigilance of Aunt Emma. Finally Lou can't stand it any longer so decides to advertise for a husband. Difficulties arise, especially with Aunt Emma who "has fainting spells at the mere sight of a man." However, as each prospective husband passes as a butler, Aunt Emma decides to give them a trial. She even uses them as dress dummies. In the end, Aunt Emma is pretty well converted to the idea of matrimony.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Louise Adair, Cleo Twitchell
Kathryn Adair, Iva Ring
Aunt Emma, Muriel Lowe
Dick Christanson, Forest Twitchell
Jack Norris, Gordon Chase
Bud Gates, Harland Abbott
Joe Sparks, Daniel Brown
The play will be produced at the Grange Hall at Bryant Pond, Friday night, November 2, at 8 p. m.

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS

75¢

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
Bethel, Maine

WEST PARIS

Mrs. Stanley I. Perham was hostess to the Bates Literary Club on Friday afternoon. The subject was Modern Poetry.

Rev. Hazel I. Kirk of Medford Hills, Mass., will supply the pulpit at the Universalist Church until further notice. The pastor, Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes, is making good recovery from her auto accident but is still at the C. M. G. Hospital for treatment.

The Good Will Society met with Mrs. Clara Dunham Wednesday. The last meeting was held with Mrs. Mildred Davis with 17 present. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Penley attended the football game Saturday and motored home Sunday through the White Mountains.

Forty-four members of the 44 Class attended the class meeting Sunday morning at I. O. O. F. Hall. Messrs. Hammond and Haskell sang duets and the 44 Class Band was in attendance.

The High School served a public supper at I. O. O. F. Hall Friday evening. There was a good attendance.

Albert Jackson is on a hunting trip to Parmachenee Lake.

Walter Halliday of Waterville; Mrs. Herbert Douglass of Pittsfield; Mrs. Margaret Bisbee of Long Island, N. Y.; were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Tuell several days last week. Mrs. Halliday and son, Alfred, who have been guests, remained for a longer visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Morton Clark of Buckfield and Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Willis and daughter, Carrie, of Mechanic Falls were callers at H. R. Tuell's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wellcome and children, Barden and Dorothy, of Waltham, Mass.; and Mrs. Earle R. LaBay and children, Robert, Gordon and Carolyn, of Portland have been recent guests at C. F. Barden's.

New Grapefruit,	4 for 25c
New Figs,	18c
New Dates,	1½ lbs. 29c
Beechnut Coffee,	35c
White Label Coffee,	32c
Special Coffee,	25c
Tetley's Tea,	½-lb. 40c
Lipton's Tea,	½-lb. 35c
Farrington's Tea,	½-lb. 25c
Kaffee Hag,	48c
Sanka Coffee,	48c
Pillsbury's Minitmix, for biscuits,	35c



L.W. Ramsell Co.

PHONE 114

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Bowe, Portland were callers Thursday, H. R. Tuell's.

Rev. Hazel I. Kirk of Medford Hills, Mass., was the guest Sunday of Mrs. H. M. Tuell.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ridlon, broken up housekeeping in office building, sold their furniture and Mrs. Ridlon has gone to her sister, Mrs. H. H. Dunham, Brattleboro, Vt.

WEST STOKES

Albert Adams helped Elmer Davis chase cattle Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

Callers at John Adams on day were Thornton Currier, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Davis and children, Florence Currier.

Charles Carley is helping Elmer Palmer cut wood. The Allens from Bridgton at their camp Sunday.

Callers at Charles Carley's day evening were Charles R. Austin Smith and brother, Fryeburg.

John D. Grover is on the after being laid up with trouble his back.

We all appreciate the good that Henry Trimback built.

BUSINESS CARDS

Watch This Space for



Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished

by

E. L. GREENLEAF

OPTOMETRIST

over Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER

DR. HOWARD E. TYLER

CHIROPRACTOR

Bethel, N. H.

Mon. Afternoon

Thurs. Evening

S. S. Greenleaf
Funeral Home
Modern Ambulance Equipment
TELEPHONE 112
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

BETHEL, MAINE

MARBLE & GRANITE WORK

Chaste Designs

FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP

Letters of Inquiry promptly answered

See Our Work—Get Our Price

E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

KNOW WHAT YOU BUY

Nationally Advertised Goods Sold by Bethel Merchants

The purchaser of standard used products takes no chance. The quality and price are guaranteed. The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

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APOLLO Chocolates,

W. E. BOSSER

CHILTON Pens,

E. P. L.

Community, Rogers Bros.,

Holmes & Edwards Silver,

E. P. L.

EASTMAN Kodaks,

W. E. BOSSER

GOODRICH Rubbers,

McKesson Health Products,

W. E. BOSSER

MICHAELS-STERN Clothes,

RO

MUNSON WEAR,

MURRAY Tires, LORD'S GAR

PHILCO Radios,

E. P. L.

WALK OVER Shoes,

RO

WATERMAN Fountain Pens,

W. E. BOSSER

Locke Mills Town Hall
Monday, October 29

Ethel May Shorey

and Her Company of Players in

A Novelty Drama

"THE ACTOR DETECTIVE"

DANCE AFTER THE SHOW

The SAFEST Driver
Is the one who makes sure his car is mechanically perfect.

Are You Playing Safe?

A. H. GIBBS HIGH ST., BETHEL
Phone 105-3

THE STORY

AMOS L.

BY D. S. BROWN

(In Eight Chapters)

Amos is fond of hunting and golf; but his latest enjoyment, a pipe-organ. Along with his musical and political work, he sent me a letter of his music. He has much of the precinct room of the same size, but the same size. When his public press him too soon to retire, evenings, his apartment in the old mansion, abandonment of all himself to his favorite instrument is an absolute special pipes from a chapter misreading interesting nature alone.

Often, when the very hot in summer, are thrown off, with the usual abundance, and permits the music pedal, to float to Commonweal. But one evening of day 19, Amos Lund. In the summer, I found which he has recollections. Most of all plan to incorporate volume—"The Amos Lund." But, I this issue the from Amos' own written as all of the nature seem to write it, nor could all give it word for it may interest the says, "I was quite had been interested more than an ordinary duties in the down-ellent had spent two afternoon with me, tails pertaining to a woman called, asked excitedly related pdrunken spree, and upon her and the her wretch of a mbe called the husband; and I had been several other cases. Mr. Simmonds had since early morningrapher, too, was a account of the suher mother. And, boy, was unable to assistance in legal obliged to take no to hear cases, and my files, and keep with a babbling of the time, in the came in at 3:30, a Italians wanted to ing a labor wrangle. I sent them out a of cigars that I keptencies, and ordered down until their called. When, at bered with them, and dismissed the past my hour for c

"My car, for two in the garage for linings, so being the bus, and, arriving, threw myself. From there, I roto lie down for a the chef should a. But I was too ghear the bell. I hself a few moment to me, when I w hearing, 'Amos! ever coming? Ever ready so long t getting cold.' It that better half, too, had rung for herself, to give a tired to eat heartl slices of toast and tea, and excused family. My wife k exhausted, and shworried, and sug immediately retire I thought that is honestly meant my passion for nself, and I slippe

THE STORY OF AMOS LUND

BY D. S. BROOKS

(In Eight Chapters—Ch. VI)

Amos is fond of hunting and fishing, and of the two games of tennis and golf; but finds that his greatest enjoyment, apart from leisure and political work is playing a pipe-organ. Along with other things, he sent me a picture of the interior of his music room. It resembles much of the arrangement of the parlor of Odeon Hall, the parlor of the old mansion; and, to the amusement of all else, devotes himself to his favorite music. The instrument is an Estey, in make, but the same size, including galvanized special pipes adjusted to this form. A chapter might be written of interesting reading covering this picture alone.

Often, when the weather is extremely hot in summer, the transoms are thrown open which admit, with the use of electric fans, an abundance of fresh air and permits the music, even with the pedal, to float out over State street to Commonwealth Avenue.

But one evening of this year, on May 19, Amos Lund broke all precedents. In the junk he sent me this summer, I found a journal in which he has recorded unusual happenings. Most of the material I shall plan to incorporate in my large volume—"The Life Story of Amos Lund." But, I have selected for this issue the following notes from Amos' own pen, hurriedly written as all of his jottings of the nature seem to be. I will not write it, nor condense it; but will give it word for word, trusting it may interest and amuse you:

He says, "I was quite weary. The day had been intensely hot with more than an ordinary round of duties in the down-town office. A client had spent two hours in the afternoon with me, discussing details pertaining to a court trial; a woman called, asking advice, and excitedly related particulars of a drunken spree, and abuse heaped upon her and the little ones, by her wretched of a mate,—not fit to be called the husband of even a dog; and I had been busy with several other cases during the day. Mr. Simmonds had been absent since early morning. My stenographer, too, was away all day on account of the sudden illness of her mother. And, Dick, my office boy, was unable to be of any great assistance in legal matters. I was obliged to take notes as well as to hear cases, and check-up with my files, and keep a clear mind with a babbling of voices, much of the time, in the outer office. Dick came in at 3:30, and reported five Italians wanted to see me regarding a labor wrangle and assault. I sent them out a partly used box of cigars that I kept for such emergencies, and ordered them to quiet down until their turn came to be called. When, at last, I had jabbered with them in dago-language and dismissed them, it was way past my hour for closing.

"My car, for two days, had been in the garage for repairs to brake linings, so being late, I raced for the bus, and, arriving home,—instantly, threw myself into the bath. From there, I retreated to my den to lie down for a little rest before the chef should announce dinner. But I was too good a sleeper to hear the bell. I had only lost myself a few moments, as it seemed to me, when I was awakened by hearing, 'Amos! Amos! Are you ever coming? Everything has been ready so long that the dinner's getting cold.' It was the voice of that better half,—Harriet. She too, had rung for me; then, came, herself, to give me a shake. Too tired to eat heartily, I called for a slice of toast and a glass of iced tea, and excused myself from the family. My wife knew I was about exhausted, and she seemed a little worried, and suggested that I immediately retire for rest and sleep. I thought that is good advice, and honestly meant to follow it, but my passion for music asserted itself, and I slipped quietly to the

music room, saying under my breath, a few strains from My Home on the Range will quiet my nerves and I'll sleep all the better for it." This tune, I remembered; and had no need to use the written notes. So, I turned the lights on but dimly. The room had been closed all day and was stuffy, so I lowered the windows and turned the transoms and set the door ajar that opens on the street. A turn of a button set the organ motor to running; and when I had struck a dozen notes of the introduction, I entirely forgot that I had passed a hard day in the office. I did not suspect anything unusual going on around me. I was busy in composition and grew reckless like a toper at his drink. One melody did not suffice. I played on and on: forgetful of time and place and weariness; and did not hear the Cathedral clock chime the midnight hour. From a rapture of ecstasy, I was startled when a hand pressed my left shoulder, I turned suddenly to fix my gaze upon the face of Sergeant O'Reilly with its broad smile. 'Say, Mr. Lund,' he exclaimed. 'I can't persuade these people to go home.' Then I fully came to myself and turned the lights on brightly, and what... did I see? ...!!! Anyone could easily have knocked me from my perch with a feather from a humming bird,—I was so amazed. Right there before my bewildered eyes, was a crowd of street folk,—men, women and children. My settees and folding chairs were all filled and still people were standing. Here's the explanation:—what brought the climax was this: worried wives and youngsters at the various homes where members of my audience belonged were alarmed that their domestics had not returned. Police headquarters were notified and a search was instituted at once. Officer O'Reilly hearing my playing crept up to the door and the mystery began to clear up for he recognized many that were said to be missing. Pardon the introduction of a simile. But I have watched with great interest so small a thing as an ant. If it discovers something it likes it seems to spread the news to other ants. Soon there is quite a congregation of those insects. So, someone, that evening, became curious about my playing and spread the news to others. Hence, results followed; and I had a congregation without knowing it. Scattered thoughts collected themselves into words, and I sprang to my feet and told my mixed audience a story that convulsed them with hearty laughter. Then, when order was restored, I said, 'This has been too good a joke on me to let it pass without a treat.'

I rang for my wife, who had given up all hopes of reforming me when I had on—what she called a spell of music. She had been in sweet repose for three hours or more. I spoke through the tube to her room; and said, 'I am holding a special party. Hurry down, please, and throw open the double doors to the guests' dining hall.' Harriet never argues with me in an emergency, but obeys, as all good wives should, when their husbands entertain. But, I saw a twinkle in her eye, and I suspect I read her thoughts about me.

It was nearing one o'clock; but, I knew where I could order and get quick service at any hour of night. I bounded to the telephone and yelled, 'Give me Foster's Place.' Believe me, I ordered twenty gallons of vanilla ice cream; fifty pounds of cream candy with walnuts; eight bunches bananas; and six cases of Parker's assorted sodas. I said, 'I would like for you to scare up half a dozen waitresses, and send them along, too, if you can find them at this hour. Kindly make all possible haste and dispatch this stuff (girls and all) to Lund's residence, 2231 State St. We are holding a wake up here and

everybody's hungry, but the corpse, and must eat.' Before I hung up that receiver I tried to say, 'I'll settle tomorrow,' but the radio had been turned on and a programme was caught up from San Francisco. Never mind, everything arrived O. K., even the waitresses. Well, we rounded up those, too, who were standing outside and all got busy at the tables plus a platoon of policemen. Did I say Mrs. Lund made sandwiches? I'll say she did! She rushed bread and fixings in from somewhere. And, I'll bet another twenty gallons of ice cream that a certain bakery had to put on an extra cook before morning."

Mrs. Harriet Lund is as much of a sport in a time like this as her popular husband!

EAST BETHEL

Cleve Bartlett has returned to his home in Framingham, Mass. John Fifield is visiting at R. D. Hastings'.

G. K. Hastings and W. S. Hastings are away on a hunting trip. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frost of Kingfield, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Sanborn, Miss Mary Sanborn and Miss Betty Edwards of Bethel spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kimball.

The Grammar and Primary rooms gave a Halloween entertainment Tuesday evening, Oct. 23, which was much enjoyed by a large attendance.

Song, America, School Ten Little Pumpkin Faces, Primary Room Recitation, A Halloween Mistake, Gertrude Curtis, Pantomime, Samuel Snukewitz, Halloween, Grammar School Recitation, Halloween Friends, Charley Knight, Song of the Witch, Both Schools, Recitation, Goblins, Albion Smith, Recitation, When the Frost, Nathalie Foster, Playlet, Halloween Surprises, Grammar School Song, Halloween Frolic, Both Schools

Many games and Halloween stunts were enjoyed.

SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK REPORT

Grade	Savings Bank Total	%
I	\$2.00	\$2.70 71
II	1.00	1.45 53
III	3.00	2.40 64
IV	1.00	2.55 64
	\$7.00	\$9.10
	Grammar School	
V	\$1.00	\$1.75 56
VI	2.00	2.10 77
VII		1.50 71
VIII	1.00	2.30 60
	\$4.00	\$7.65

First and Sixth have banners.

Those persons who advance their own interests by being thrifty and managing their money will not only serve themselves well but will serve their country well.

Bethel Savings Bank

It is cheaper to protect your car with an anti-freeze solution now, than to stand the expense of a frozen radiator or engine.

Super Pyro, \$1.00 gal.

Prestone, \$2.95 gal.

LORD'S GARAGE

PHONE 25

BETHEL, ME.

Authorized Testing Station No. 612

SOUTH ALBANY

Sunday callers at Roy Wardwell's were Leo Stearns and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stearns and daughter, Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. N. S. Kupelian from Fownal were in town last Tuesday to attend the funeral services of James A. Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kimball were Sunday guests at Preston Flint's. Miss Inez Flint from Lynn, Mass., is visiting her brother, B. J. Flint, for a few days.

Rev. R. A. Brandon preached at the Albany Church on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Scribner called on Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wardwell on Thursday.

Miss Betty Hill was home from Norway High School over the week end.

Robert Hill has been cutting the bushes on the road for F. E. Scribner.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Nutting and Jean Inman were Sunday guests at Isaac Wardwell's.

Merritt Sawin is much improved from his recent illness.

Mrs. Lottie Palmer recently visited the Albany schools.

Donald Lewis went to Norway Sunday for a few days.

Carl Barker is having a vacation. Mr. Curtis is carrying the mail.

NORTH WATERFORD

Mrs. E. A. Libby is sick with a cold.

Beth and Clyde Hatch from Newport, N. H., spent the week end with their uncle, Sidney Hatch.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Littlefield and Marlene Littlefield were in Portland one day last week.

Mrs. Pearl Hatch and son Raymond were in Fryeburg last Friday.

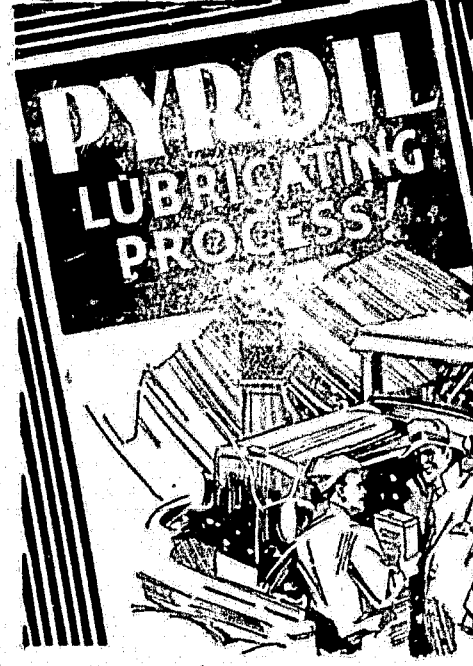
Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Lebroke spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Jess Littlefield.

Ralph Perry had the misfortune to have a bullet discharge from his revolver and the shot went through the fourth finger on the left hand.

Harry Brown and son, Lawrence, have gone to New York and Connecticut on business.

Richard Perkins has gone to Connecticut after his brother, Ralph, who has been in the Waterbury hospital. They are expected home Tuesday.

The spool mill has started after being idle for quite a long time.

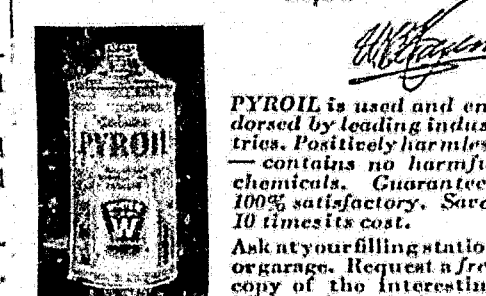


Guarantees Easy Starting and 100% Protection in Coldest Weather!

In freezing temperatures, complete lubrication at the start of your motor is impossible. Every gear and bearing lies in hardened grease and sluggish oil. The result is, metal-to-metal clash—often serious damage.

PYROIL Lubricating Process ends this winter hazard! It provides positive protection against metal-to-metal damage until oil freely circulates.

Merely added to regular lubricants, PYROIL is perpetually renews on all wearing parts a virtually indestructible, self-lubricating surface which is impervious to cold, to heat or to dilution. This "PYROIL SURFACE" prevents metal-to-metal wear!



Manufactured, Patented & Guaranteed by PYROIL COMPANY, LaCrosse, Wis., U.S.A. W. V. Kidder, President

Ernest L. Holt

Distributor
Bethel, Maine

CARDBOARDS WHITE AND COLORS 50 and 100

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
Bethel, Maine

Blowout Protection? Sure! But—

NON-SKID GRIP

is 5½ times more necessary to safety



YES! A DOUBLE GUARANTEE
1. Against road hazards.
2. Against defects for life.

Your big worry should be skidding—the cause of 5½ times more accidents than blowouts. Smooth tires skid 77% farther, other new tires skid 14 to 19% farther, than new "G-3" Goodyear All-Weathers (proved by 8400 tests). Since this "Goodyear Margin of Safety" costs nothing extra, get it now—ride safely during the slippery driving months.

43% More Miles of Real Non-Skid because "G-3" All-Weather Tread is flatter, wider, heavier, tougher. Blowout-Protected in EVERY Ply because Patented Supertwist Cord is up to 61% more elastic—absorbs shocks!

A Great Tube for the "G-3"
Thicker tougher rubber on rim-side resists pinching, punctures. Ask for Goodyear Double Service Tube.

Central Service Station

J. B. Chapman, Prop.

TEL. 103

BETHEL, MAINE

**THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT
BETHEL, MAINE**

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher

Entered as second class matter,
May 7, 1908, at the post office at
Bethel, Maine.

Any letter or article intended for
publication in the Citizen must
bear the signature and address of
the author and be written on only
one side of the paper. We reserve
the right to exclude, or publish
contributions in part.

Single copies of the Citizen are
one sale at the Citizen office and
also by
W. E. Boaserman, Bethel
Donald and Irving Brown, Bethel
Lawrence Perry, West Bethel
George Stearns, Hanover
Murry Cummings, Bryant Pond
John Tebbets, Locke Mills

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1934

BETHEL NEEDS

More and Better Sidewalks—winter
and summer,
Rural Fire Protection,
Night Watchman—All the Year,
Enforced Traffic Rules,
Australian Ballot System for Town
Meetings.

"I am still a believer in local
self-government. If that is heresy,
I am willing to let them make the
most of it."—George Otis Smith.

"The Constitution of the United
States is a law for rulers and peo-
ple, equally in war and in peace,
and covers with the shield of its
protection all classes of men, at all
times, and under all circumstances.
No doctrine, involving more pernicious
consequences, was ever in-
vented by the wit of man than that
any of its provisions could be sus-
pended during any of the great ex-
igencies of government. Such a
doctrine leads directly to anarchy
or despotism, but the theory of nec-
essity on which it is based is false;
for the Government, within the
Constitution, has all the powers
granted to it, which are necessary
to preserve its existence."—Excerpt
from the opinion of the Supreme
Court of the United States, rendered
by Associate Justice Davis in the
case of Ex Parte Milligan, found
in 4 Wallace, pages 1-142.

But what sort of shape would
business be in if it had to elect
its officials and employees by pop-
ular vote?—Los Angeles Times.

To many citizens, Americanism
is just a word. They pay it lip
service but they have a very poor
knowledge of its actual meaning.
Real Americanism is a spirit. It
is that spirit which inspired the
founders of the country—a spirit of
unselfishness, self sacrifice, fran-
cise character. It gave us liberty
of church, of press, of political be-
lief. It freed us from intolerable
monarchic domination and estab-
lished a nation where the govern-
ment was to exist for the individ-
ual, not the individual for the gov-
ernment.

Today, the American spirit stands
for these things precisely as it did
in the past. They are as important
today as ever, and perhaps more
important. The public is beleagu-
ered from many sides by those who
would effect sudden and irrevocable
change in the very foundation
stones of our government. The
advocates of fascism, communism,
dictatorship and other theories are
always active and there is danger
that they may seem persuasive to a
people struggling with great, yet
temporary, problems.
The public cannot be too strong-
ly warned against seeking tempo-
rary benefits at the expense of
permanent principles. Even the
worst of depressions pass and we
will be a sad nation indeed, if after
this one passes, we find that we
have lost these constitutional guar-
antees of corporate and individual
freedom that have made us great.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends
for their many deeds of kindness
during our bereavement.
Mrs. True Eames
Mr. and Mrs. Garard Eames
Theodore Eames
Bertha Cross

After the Storm

There's a flood o' blessed sunshine
Follows every pourin' rain,
An' we know they both 're needed
If we're goin' to harvest grain!
Underneath the winter's snowdrift,
Flowers wait t' cheer the spring;
It's when daylight drives out darkness
That the birds begin t' sing.

by
*Lawrence
Hawthorne*

So it is with life, I reckon;
All the trouble that we know
An' the handicaps we're facin'
Comes our way t' help us grow.
When you've had a share o' heartache,
Or when luck's been bad, I guess
It's a mighty safe prediction
Of a spell o' happiness!



**JURORS FOR NOVEMBER
TERM SUPERIOR COURT**

Grand Jurors
Abbott, Stephen E., Bethel
Bennett, W. C., Gilead
Brooks, Albert, Brownfield
Burgess, William A., Roxbury
Cummings, Chester, Hanover
Curtis, Olla, Sumner
Davis, Natalie E., Rumford
Eastman, Fannie, Paris
Glines, Elizabeth, Rumford
Goodwin, Annie M., Norway
Hale, Leroy P., Denmark
Millet, Quincy D., Oxford
Noyes, Winfield H., Watstock
Rowe, Orrington J., Lovell
Sturtevant, Frank D., Hebron
Tripp, C. Frederick, Jr., Canton
Thompson, Nellie, Fryeburg
Virgin, Illian, Mexico

Traverse Jurors
Akers, Cora (Mrs.), Andover
Atwood, F. H., Rumford
Chaplin, Charles L., Stoneham
Chellis, Jennie B., Porter
Cobb, Lester, Watford
Cobb, Olla L., Albany
Cummings, Flora (Mrs.), Oxford
Cummings, Hermon, Greenwood
Davis, Robert, Newry
Dennison, Walter, Paris
Grover, E. A., Mason
Harlow, Harold, Mexico
Harvey, George, Magalloway Pl.
Heald, Jennie (Mrs.), Buckfield
Johnson, Charles E., Milton Pl.
Juddins, Bertha L. (Mrs.), Upton
MacDougall, C. S., Byron
Morrison, Vivian, Dixfield
Nason, Nora Jane, Lincoln Pl.
Noble, Philip T., Norway
Oldham, Maurice B., Peru
Packard, Everett, Hartford
Page, Harold, Sweden
Poor, Cecil A., Hiram
Roberts, Mamie Alice, Rumford
Robertson, James, Mexico
Shaw, Helen B., Paris
Wiley, Arthur, Fryeburg
Wiley Augustus, Stow
Wyman, Florence E., Norway

Wolverine Is Disliked

The wolverine is a despicable
character, according to a zoologist.
Larger than a shepherd dog, he
prowls alone. He is such a greedy
thief that by common repute he is
known throughout the Canadian
northwest as "the glutton" and "the
devil." The wolverine raids cabins
and systematically destroys. He
will follow a trapper's line of traps
and destroy every animal he finds
in them. The wolverine is the only
animal known which deliberately
spoils property and fouls foods
which he cannot eat or carry away.
He is exceedingly sly and clever;
it is almost impossible to keep a
wolverine in confinement.

Paint Protects Brick

Brick and stone surfaces fare bet-
ter when painted, experiments con-
ducted by authorities in the paint
and varnish industry have demon-
strated. Emphasis should be re-
moved by brushing the surface be-
fore paint is applied.

HERE AND THERE IN MAINE

Nineteen deaths resulting from
automobile accidents were reported
by the Associated Press during the
17 days ending Sunday. This is
believed to be the greatest number
to have occurred thus far in this
State in that length of time.

Robert Edward, six weeks old
son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lo-
vesque of Lisbon, died of strangula-
tion Saturday night when a pacifier
placed in his mouth a few min-
utes before he died.

An early Sunday morning fire
caused damage estimated at \$10,000
to the stock and building of the
Sinter department store at Da-
mariscotta.

The E. R. A. administrator for
Lewiston, Mayor Wiseman, will re-
ceive a salary of \$2400 a year in
that capacity in addition to the
mayor's salary of \$1850.

The Portland and Biddeford drum
and bugle corps received \$2000 from
the State to defray their expenses
to the Legion Convention at Miami,
Fla.

Mediums of Taste

The mediums of taste are the
taste buds. These consist of ter-
minal organs in the papillae on the
surface of the tongue, which are
connected with branches of the
glossopharyngeal and other nerves.
There are only four tastes which
are fundamental, namely, acid, bit-
ter, salt, and sweet. All others are
either combinations or, as is more
common, sensations of taste mod-
ified by smell.

Rays That Harm Plant Life

Various heavy metals such as
lead, gold and platinum have been
found to emit some kind of rays or
metallic vibrations which harm both
germ and plant life even when not
in direct contact with it, says Col-
lier's Weekly. Certain microbes
weaken and die and mustard seeds
have stopped growing when plates
of these metals have been placed
within from 1.5 to 1.10 of an inch
of them for several days at a time.

O. K. CLIFFORD CO., INC.
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Dealers in

DeSoto and Plymouth Cars

Reo Cars and Trucks

Goodyear Tires, Tubes and
Accessories

The MAINE MEETING PLACE by EARLE DOUCETTE

Last week we were talking about
money—a lot of money—upwards
of \$500,000,000 in fact. That is the
amount that Florida farmers and
laborers and bankers and store-
keepers put in their hip pockets
before their tourist customers left
the land of everglades and alliga-
tors last winter. How did they do
it? Easy. They used the ancient
and honorable tool called adver-
tising.

It is peculiar how comparable
the whole thing is to planting a
field of potatoes.

There are many ways of planting
our glorious spuds. One is to put
them into the ground without the
aid and inspiration of fertilizer.
This is a great and easy way to
plant potatoes, there being only one
thing to say against it—the darn
things sulk and refuse to grow
with any degree of enthusiasm.
The result is that one man can fol-
low the digger and pick up the
crop with one hand tied behind his
back, and snowshoes fastened to
his little tootsies.

Another way is to spill just a
little of the powdered remains of
old Dobbin into the drills. The re-
sult is a little better, but still it is
nothing to write home about and is
not economical.

The third, and best way—or so I
was taught when I was on the farm
—is to use just the proper amount
of fertilizer as learned by experi-
ence. The result, everything else
being equal, is that the old farm
will yield spuds for everything she
is worth.

Good advertising and good fertil-
izer work the same way. Business
growth depends on advertising as
completely as plant growth depends
on fertilizer. Proof? It is all around
us. For breakfast we eat "Excel-
sior Biscuits." We buy and eat the
darned things because the ads in
the papers and on the billboards
tell us that if we keep on chew-
ing them we will eventually be as
strong as a moose and twice as
handsome. While we are sipping
up before running into town we
rub a drop or so of "Chief Jumping
Toothache Indian Hair Tonic" into
our bald domes. Why? Because the
ads tell us that if we continue to
do so we will have a head of spin-
ach that will make this fellow
Clark Gable look like something the
cat passed on the way home. We
can't get away from it. When we
are born they consult their adver-
tisements and anoint us with
"Bronson's Baby Powder." When we
die they show their respect—or re-
lief—and "Say it with Flowers."

The people of Florida recognized
this value of advertising some time
ago. They began to sell their State
much as a manufacturer sells his
goods. The result speaks for itself.
Florida, a winter—or off-season—
State, far removed from the center
of population garners \$500,000,000
from the tourist crop. Maine, the
grandest State in the Union, a sum-
mer State and right at the door of
the world's greatest market takes

in only about \$100,000,000 a
gate.

The difference, of course, is
the amounts spent in adver-
tising. Florida spends around \$250,000,000
this manner. We spend \$25,000,000
Disinterested experts tell us
the amount spent by Florida
about right for us. They say
we wouldn't clean up the half
million dollars comparable to
Florida intake the first year
cause, after all, it takes a
time to develop any business.
do say, however, that we will
the cash register to some little
over \$200,000,000.

The next, and most impor-
tant question, of course, is where
\$250,000,000 to be used for adver-
tising is coming from. It will have
come through a legislative ap-
propriation which means that all
—you, my brother-in-law, and
fellow next door will have to ad-
der part of the burden. But
did I say? Well, figured out
isn't so much of a burden after
it amounts to just about ten
cents per year for each of us.
—they tell us—we will more
get this back in increased gas-
tax revenue alone to say not
about the other money spent
tourists.

It sounds almost too good to
be true. And yet Florida and Califor-
nia to name but two, have proved it.
I suppose you are wonder-
ing just what you are going to get
of all this if you are not direct-
connected with the recreational
tourist business.
I'll try to have the answer
you next week.

**Halloween
Masks
Noise Makers
Napkins
Decorations
Etc. at
ROWE'S**
Established 1865
BETHEL, MAINE

**FREE Typewriting
Course with
REMINGTON Portable**



Learn easily at home...it costs nothing.
From the great Remington line, select
your portable. Then pay only 10c a
day. You get the course FREE!

COME IN FOR PARTICULARS

THE CITIZEN OFFICE

The Househ

LYDIA LE BARON WA

WINDOW screens, like
dows themselves, nee
They do not show
as the panes of glass,
accumulate dust just the s
seeps through the mesh
wind blows, and a fil
the things in the room
several ways of keepi
seems clean, different me
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The Household

LYDIA LE BARON WALKER

WINDOW screens, like the windows themselves, need attention. They do not show dust and as the panes of glass, but they accumulate dust just the same, and wind blows, and a film settles the things in the room. There are several ways of keeping the screens clean, different methods being suited to different conditions.



Such as, for example, the use of a vacuum cleaner, or a brush, or a sponge, or a cloth, or a hose. The method I am recommending is the simplest and the most effective. Shut the windows on the side of the house where the hose is to be played. Lay the hose well on each window, especially the half where the screen is, since the force of the water will project the dust on the screen through it and against the glass. It is only when the window is spotless that the screen will be clean, for the reason just given. This method both screens and windows are beautifully clean after the washing.

Screens are easily removable, and inside windows, they can be taken out and washed in the kitchen sink. Dry well before replacing. Inside screens require much more care than those outside because they are not exposed to the sun and rain and driveways all the time. When windows are closed they are protected. On the other hand there is on cleaning days the dust raised indoors even when modern cleaning appliances are used. This dust gets into the netting and onto the frames.

Hazards of Brushing. Brushing screens when in windows cleans the netting, but unless there is a strong breeze blowing through the windows the amount of dust which gets into the screens more than offsets the advantage of having screens clean. So sure the wind is the right way for brushing screens thus.

Wiping screens with a cloth soaked with kerosene is recommended for two reasons. First, the oil will be caught and wiped off rather than be scattered about, and second, mosquitoes will not try to bite through kerosene tinted netting. The odor of the kerosene evaporates as far as perceptible to those indoors, but if a nose is a mosquito is thrust against it, it is little temptation to try to crawl through meshes. It is a good thing to wipe the screens with the kerosene cloth at night, for mosquitoes begin to bite about more than during the day. A cloth dampened with water only will gather up the dust excellently also.

© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

About Refrigerators

It is good practice to keep most food in covered containers when it is stored in an automatic refrigerator. If this is done, there will be no noticeable odor, one food will not impart a foreign taste to another, and the food will not dry.

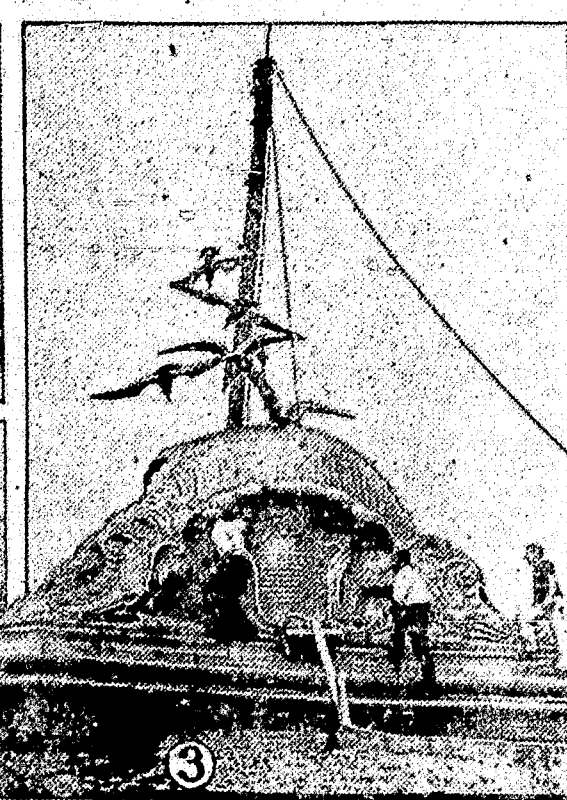
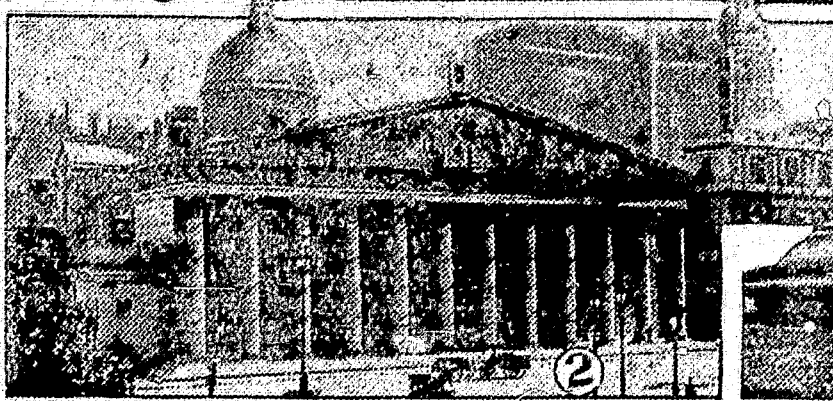
There is an exception to the general rule, and should be lightly covered if at all, since covering meat encourages bacterial growth.

Fishes are another exception to the rule. They should be taken out of the basket, spread apart, and left uncovered.

Such as desserts and salads that are placed in the refrigerator for a short time to chill need to be covered.—From Good Housekeeping Institute.

Send Invitations or Announcements Printed at the Citizen Office

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Scene during the dedication of the new Chicago post office by Postmaster General Farley and state and city officials. 2—The handsome Metropolitan cathedral in Buenos Aires, Argentina, center of activities during the Eucharistic congress. 3—Preparing the Sailor-Marine memorial in Washington for its official dedication on October 28.

"Sweet Little Thing"

By BERTHA LEA H. CROSS
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

I HAVEN'T run a boarding house fifty years for nothing! I can tell you that I've seen samples of every known type of persons from saints to sinners. Yes, sir! We folks in hotel business come up against all sorts! But I'm not so quick judgin' folks these days. . . .

I've got in mind a girl who came to me last summer, a girl, as you might say, "from out the storm." It was a terrible wild night in mid-June. Alice and Mary, the two waitresses, were settlin' in the kitchen waiting for Miss Carr to open the dining room, and Bob, the bellhop, was joshing 'em when we heard a knock.

"See who 'tis, Bob," I said. When he opened the door a little straggly figure of a girl fell in.

"The sweet little thing!" Alice cried. "I'm Jessie Carey. Oh, please, please may I stay here tonight? I can't . . . I don't know what to do. . . ."

The bell rang just then for Alice, and directly after, Mary was called. The bellhop also received his call and I was alone with the child. I poured her a cup of strong, hot coffee and then helped her out of her wet coat.

"Drink this, child," I said. "As soon as I serve up these two orders I'll take you where you can change those wet clothes. . . . Of course you can stay here; I wouldn't turn a dog out on a night like this."

As soon as I could I took her up to my room and helped her out of her wet clothes.

"Now, Jessie," I said, "tell me." "I don't know how to begin. . . . You see, I ran away. There was a man my father wanted me to marry. I hated him!" She shivered. "He was a bad man. He—he—"

"I ran away," she went on, "away from them both. I had a little money. I walked miles through the woods. And then came the storm."

As I held her there I tried to think what to do. All my help was hired. And, anyway, I could see how useless she'd be, thin and plainly not used to work. And yet, I couldn't send her away.

"You'll stay with me until I know what's best to do," I told her.

Three days passed. Jessie refused to give me her address or to write to her father. Every time I mentioned it she went off into hysterics. There seemed to be some mystery. The papers said nothing about a runaway and there was no search for her. All that was sensational then days was the murder of John Gold, the rich Wall-Streeteer.

I never followed myrder stories. They made me sick to my stomach. I believe that every murder was done because of some unlawful desire.

But on the third day the headlines turned me cold:

WHERE IS THE GUILTY WIFE?
WHAT HAS BECOME OF JESSIE?
—THE GIRL WHO MURDERED HER HUSBAND?

I read on about how they'd spread the dragnet all over New England. My heart about stopped when I came to the description of the missing wife: "Blonde; blue eyes, large, expressive; small stature. . . ."

And I was shielding her! A murderess!

I climbed the stairs as fast as my rheumatism would let me. But she swore up and down that she was not the guilty one and there was innocence in her face. But I'd get to reading those papers and I couldn't believe her.

The second day after I decided Jessie was lying I sent for the police. I felt justified. If a girl will murder one person, it just ain't right to keep her about, I thought, where she might do more harm. At times her face looked so drawn and sick that it haunted me. But I hardened my heart. I would not abet crime! No murderess would be under my roof, hiding from justice. That night a big car drove into the yard with four policemen.

"Where's the dame?" one of them asked.

"I'll bring her," I said.

When I reached her room it was empty. My room was, too. I knew then that somehow she'd learned that I had betrayed her. That's just how I felt—like a Judas. Guilty or not, I had betrayed her.

"She's the one, all right," one man said, "else she'd not have skipped."

We looked everywhere for her and all the roads were watched, and on the third day they found her body. Evidently she had hidden in one of the caves and in the dark had walked over the edge of a cliff. I couldn't believe that she'd committed suicide, although the policeman said it was so.

But even they were obliged to own themselves wrong. For a week after we found her, the authorities found the guilty wife in Maine—another Jessie. But, oh, so different from this girl! This child was truthful and honest. Her heartbroken father attested to every word she'd said. Even the "bad" man was overcome. He cried when he saw her.

But I! I am the murderer! I feel that if someone would only tell me that I done right, even in mistaken judgment, perhaps I could find peace. . . .

Washing China
If a thick cloth or towel is placed at the bottom of the pan in which delicate china or glass is being washed, the danger of chipping will be lessened. This will also prevent silver from being scratched.

Use Oiled Mop
Sweeping oilcloths and linoleums wears them. An oiled mop or dry mop is much better to use on them. A coat of wax frequently applied helps to preserve both oilcloth and linoleum.

Old Style Vases
Mantel vases come in pairs now and are copies of the Victorian styles of grandmother's day. Silver glass ones are very effective and blend with nearly any decorative scheme.

EAST STONEHAM

Mr. and Mrs. John Barker and daughter Vesta, also Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Barker went to Boston on Saturday, returning Sunday night. While there they called on Christine Nelson, who works in Boston.

Miss Minnie Littlefield, who has been in Auburn for the past two months, has returned home much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stearns were in Lewiston Monday night to see their daughter, Ruth, who is in the C. M. G. Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Barker and Vesta Barker were in Lewiston for the day Thursday.

Mrs. Georgia McAllister has closed her house for the winter and has gone to Norway to live with her daughter, Mrs. Beatrice Trafton.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Culbert and family of Harrison were at their camp Sunday.

Miss Leah McAllister has gone to Bethel to work. Mrs. June Graves will keep house for her father.

The young people of the parish had a social at the church vestry Saturday night.

There is to be a harvest supper at the vestry Thursday night. Carlton Barker, rural carrier, is on his vacation and Carol Curtis is substituting.

Hazel Lord of North Waterford visited Nellie McAllister, Thursday afternoon.

S. W. Johnson has completed a new chimney for Ervil Curtis. Inez Farrington and daughter Lois, called at Perley Adams' Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Harland Littlefield and daughter, Mary Ann of Auburn visited at Ervil Curtis' Sunday.

Montrose Peas, can 16c.

TULIP BRAND

Golden Bantam Corn, can 15c

Apricots, can 20c

Sliced Pineapple, can 25c

Grated Pineapple, can 23c

String Beans, 12c

Red Kidney, Yellow Eye, or

Pea Beans, can 17c

Sweet Mixed Pickles, qt. jar 31c

Sweet Plain Pickles, qt. jar 31c

Dill Pickles, qt. jar 21c

Allen's Market
PHONE 122 BETHEL

GOULD ACADEMY NOTES

Sophomore Class officers have been elected recently as follows: President, Eriand Wentzel; Vice-President, O'Neil Robertson; Secretary-Treasurer, Rita I. Hutchins. Members of the Editorial Board of the Academy Herald are busily engaged in preparing material for the fall issue which they hope to publish in November.

School closed Wednesday afternoon in order that the faculty might attend the State Teachers' Association Convention in Portland on Oct. 25 and 26. Ordell Anderson is a delegate from Oxford County and Miss Ella Litchfield is an alternate.

Percy F. Crane was recently elected as vice-president of the Oxford County Schoolmasters' Association at their meeting in Norway.

Last week's declamations were given by the following: Albert Judkins, Norrine Waterhouse, Jane Waterhouse, Russell Burris, Edward Holt, Lawrence Perry, Henry Hastings, Dorothy Harvey, Phyllis Davis, Berenice Leighton, Victor Brooks, Elizabeth Bean, Alice Tyler, Marjorie Berry, Pauline LaRue, Esther Wheeler, Jane Linston, Helen Anderson, Muriel Brinck, Dorothy Irish, Rosalind Rowe, Ruby Jodrey, Barbara Myers, Dale Thurston, Ivan Arno.

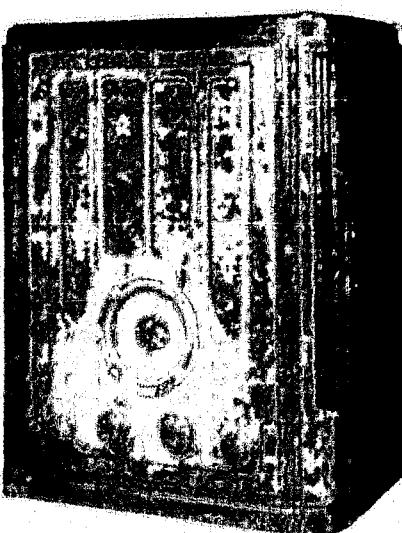
Girls' Horseshoe Tournament

Class Captains: Seniors, Margaret Hamlin; Juniors, Betty Raynes; Sophomores, Margaret Tibbetts; Freshmen, Irene Blake.

Class Teams: Senior A team, Margaret Hamlin and Betty Soule; Junior A team, Marjorie Berry and Betty Raynes; Sophomore A team, Margaret Tibbetts and Barbara Moore; Freshman A team, Vivian Berry and Ada Cotton.

The tournament started with the following games: Seniors vs. Sophomores—Seniors 21, Sophomores 17; Juniors vs. Freshmen—Juniors 21, Freshmen 6; Seniors vs. Juniors—Seniors 21, Juniors 14; Sophomores vs. Freshmen—Sophomores 21, Freshmen 20.

All we ask is that you be the JUDGE



\$39.95

What a man is is more important than what people say about him. So it is with radio.

Hundreds of people will tell you that this year's RCA Victor Instruments are better, more versatile and more expertly constructed than comparable radios of competing make. But after all, the best test . . . and the final one . . . is to see and hear them for yourself. Then, and only then, can you be sure of satisfaction.

Edw. P. Lyon

Bethel, Maine

A and B Batteries

SOUTH WOODSTOCK

Oct. 21. A heavy mist fell during the early part of the day, clearing during the noon hour, but light rain is falling this evening forecast by the dense fog which at 4 p. m. completely shut out from our view the nearby hills and mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Woodsum and sons, Sidney Perham Woodsum and George Albert, returned to their home October 15 after a week end visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Quimby Perham at the Perham homestead.

Mrs. Ella Sweetser is gaining just a little every day. Everyone is sending her good wishes and praying for a complete recovery.

Edwin Perham and a party of friends left here this Sunday noon for a hunting trip up country.

Norman Blasee, pianist of the Parisian orchestra, was a guest of Pete Andrews several days recently.

Mrs. Guy Smith, Mrs. Laura McKee and Mrs. Elva Ring of West Paris were guests of Mrs. Jessie Andrews, Wednesday, Oct. 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrews, Mrs. Angie Robbins and A. M. Andrews were the guests of W. H. Young at Portland recently.

Linwood Andrews took a party of hunters to Dead River, October 15, where they are now on a hunting trip.

Stanley Barrett has returned home after a successful operation at the C. M. G. Hospital, for tonsils.

Mrs. Vera Buck and little child were in Lewiston on a shopping trip, October 18.

Letters from Lester Felt at the University of Maine gave heat of reports of his congenial situation at Orono.

Linwood Andrews is working in the covering department of L. W. Andrews and Sons, deciding not to return to Maine School of Commerce III after the return of his brother, Stanley, from his school work in Boston.

Mrs. Zedie Barrett of West Sumner has been visiting the families of A. M. Andrews, Frank Andrews, and of Harland Andrews in Androville.

Mrs. Angie Robbins was visited by her daughter, Gertrude, from Mechanic Falls during the past week.

The Willing Workers were entertained by Mrs. Velma Davis at Davis Homestead on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 13. A good number were present, about 30 all told, including five children, namely: Beale Austin, Barbara Tuell, Edith and Ethel Davis and Master Stanley Barrett. As is well known, when Velma entertains a surprise may well be expected. Therefore when the huge basket was brought in the work prepared was mending ranging from woolen stockings to men's working winter pantaloons. Everybody was game—recounting in all ready for wear 18 pairs of stockings and 6 pairs of longies. Rev. and Mrs. McKellup of Bryant Pond Baptist Church were present and entertained with several delightful selections of music. Refreshments of cake and ice cream were served. An invitation to visit with Mrs. Zedie Barrett of Sumner was accepted when all plan to attend on Wednesday, Oct. 24.

A very bad automobile accident took place on what was known in years past as Dead Man's Curve just above the old Aaron Irish place (now occupied by Fred Andrews and family) on Friday night, Oct. 19, about eight o'clock. The speeding car, in trying to pass a car ahead was completely demolished. Its occupants, Miss Dorris Coffin of North Woodstock, a student at Woodstock High, accompanied by her cousin, Walter Everett, of Paris Hill, were badly hurt. Miss Coffin sustained facial bruises, loosened teeth, cut lips, bruised lower limbs and a hurt back. She was taken to her sister's, Mrs. Barrett's home, here. Mr. Everett was hurt badly. Dr. Kay treated them both and Everett was taken to his home on Paris Hill. The chauffeur, Douglas Strout, of Paris Hill was badly cut and bruised, hurt internally, and was taken to the C. M. G. hospital in Lewiston, where, at last reports, he was in very bad condition. The speeding car turned several times over, landing on a near by stone wall above Kenneth Benson's house.

NORTH NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wight attended the meeting of the Farm Bureau at Paris last week.

Word has been received of the death of Alice (Wheeler) Goss in Los Angeles, Calif.

Hartley Hanscom and family went to Bryant Pond Sunday where they were dinner guests of their daughter, Mrs. Robert Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Brooks of Bethel called at the town clerk's office here Sunday.

Schools in town closed Wednesday noon to allow the teachers to attend the convention at Portland.

Earle Wildes, who has been the guest of Daniel Wight the past week, returned to his home in Kennebunk Monday.

Daniel Wight has gone to South Arm where he has employment for several weeks.

Friends and relatives were shocked Monday to hear of the sudden death of True James of Bethel, formerly of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds were callers at L. E. Wight's one evening last week.

Clarence Euman killed a Canada lynx Sunday evening. The cat weighed 23 pounds.

Arthur Rogers was a recent guest at Sumner Davis'. Mrs. Davis has also been entertaining her brother and family of Vermont.

Rowe Hill, Greenwood

Mr. and Mrs. John Bryant of Freeport were at Newton Bryant's on October 14th.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ring and children were at Newton Bryant's last Sunday.

Miss Norma Ring is at home from West Bethel where she has been working.

Mrs. Margaret Bryant has been having a serious time with a burn from boiling water on her leg. It is somewhat improved.

Mrs. Stella Ring and Mrs. Mabel Dunham spent Tuesday calling on friends at Howe Hill and Locke Mills.

The Sewing Circle met with Mrs. Stella Ring last Thursday. Christmas suggestions were discussed. The meetings from now until Christmas will be devoted to making Christmas presents.

Mrs. Iva Lang had a severe attack of indigestion last week.

Mrs. Beryl Martin and baby are getting along fine and will soon return to Greenwood Center.

Colby Ring is working for Alton Bacon at Bryant Pond.

Charles and Lewis Libby and Wesley Ring are still working on the road.

NORTH LOVELL

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Fogg have closed their home here and gone to Norway for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Newcomb have moved out to Lynchville, into the Burnham McKee place.

Kezar Lake Grange entertained the Oxford Cumberland Union Pomona, October 11th. Henry Merrill of Ilram gave a very interesting lecture on agricultural grasses.

Jesse Adams shot a small bear Saturday, Oct. 13th.

Mrs. Beale Adams' cousin from Westbrook has been visiting her.

Mr. and Mrs. Perley McKee went to Fryeburg one day last week and stayed over night with Mrs. Bert Howard.

Clyde Pendexter carried Mrs. Alta Meserve and two daughters, Sylvia and Madlyn to Massachusetts to visit her sister.

Mrs. Arnheiter and three children left for New York Friday. Mrs. Amos McKee and Lillian and Freeman Winslow carried them as far as Portland.

Intestinal Impurities

resulting from delayed bowel action, ferment and give off poison in the large intestine, or colon. Colon poisoning causes much sickness, rheumatic symptoms, bad breath, gas, headache, and melancholy moods. By using "L. F." Atwood's Medicine regularly in small doses, you can establish that most valuable habit—daily and complete elimination of waste matter from the bowels. 50c bottle contains 10 doses. All dealers.

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine

WITH THE POETS

To Our Readers—If there is an old song or poem which you cannot find and would like to see in print, write the Citizen. If we are unable to locate it possibly another reader can furnish it for publication.

GLAD HARVEST TIME

Composed and read by Mrs. Bernad Thurlow at a double shower held at West Paris recently for two ladies, this poem has been requested printed.

In the form of a friendship circle Where our hearts like roses entwined We gather together this pleasant day To spend just a little time.

Glad days of harvest are with us More glorious days to come The reaper is ever longing To gather his trophies home.

Glad time when the Master planted His garden in Eden of old The beautiful river of crystal Reflecting its silver and gold.

Its beauties ever entwining Rose garlands—glorious hue Ah, lilies adorned in their verdure Rare flowers all dripping with dew.

Grand palms in their eternal beauty Forget-me-nots modest and blue Each formed its own part in the dwelling Adorning life's garden for two!

And into this garden came beauty Ah, love in its blessing complete Day by day; side by side dressed the garden To make it magnificent sweet.

Also into that garden came trial E'en harvest time's joy was complete Hoping thus to allure heaven's treasure So envious its bliss—oh, so sweet!

But the Master foresaw this great shadow Determined to harvest his own In due time—his rebought possession The beautiful treasure he'd grown.

'Tis a long road of love never failing Some trials—but blessings e'er true While the Master is moulding his treasures For his beautiful garden anew.

We may each have a garden to garner Tiny flowers whatever the hue At some time, to be placed for our tending To be watered and guided so true!

Each a "Rose" in its nectar-bowl centered Or brave and "Sweet William" true blue Only these can we bring to the Master As no other treasures will do.

So we're here binding bundles to garner In the harvest so soon now to come Little bundles so precious and blessed In God's fair little daughters and sons.

May no shadow beset e'er the pathway Tho' roses are kissed by the dew Very closely cling ever to Jesus For He's promised each day to keep you.

And as golden days ripen to harvest Such a rich blessed treasure be thine Earth's harvest will gladden your praises As the Maker his love, doth entwine.

To gather in Jesus' near harvest Each treasure he's lent us below Will shine through eternal ages As only the reaper shall know.

Then beside crystal streams ever flowing Rich Paradise with garlands of gold It's ferny balm ever entwining Oh, the beauties to us now untold!

The lion and lamb and the leopard With beautiful birds of each kind Together abide in the garden All the dear little children will find.

As they'll frolic and play by the water Or perchance they should each care to fly To the mountains for ne'er fading flowers True? Yes, these wonderful things to enjoy.

No harm and no hurt can destroy then Just heaven's sweet bliss to impart Their bright golden crowns ever gleaming And the song of their wonderful harp!

Dear ones: These pictures are true The dear little lambs can all come If father or mother are faithful And lead them to that blessed home.

But sad, oh how sad is the ending Of little ones whose parents don't care Who cannot of themselves earn these blessings They must go with their parentage here.

Gladly Jesus would take "all" the babies But Jesus himself cannot choose 'Tis the ones in his line faithful choosers Pay the price—life to gain—or to lose.

So let's love with a love never failing Twine garlands eternal to win Round our babes in their innocent childhood So that Jesus can gather them in.

GOOD PRINTING

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THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN, BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1934.

Intestinal Impurities

"L. F." Atwood's Medicine

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UPTON

The ladies of the Farm met at the Grange Hall on day, Oct. 17, with a large attendance. The subject was Forms.

Ray W. Thompson, Mrs. Barnett, and Mrs. Lee Abbott from Prince Edward Island day of last week.

On Friday, Oct. 19, Mrs. Barnett gave a party for her mother, Katharine, who was married to Franklin E. Rufford. She received many gifts. Six tables of whist were played. Refreshments of fruit, wedding cake and coffee served.

The regular Grange whist was held at the Hall Saturday evening, Oct. 20, with five tables.

No services were held at church last Sunday.

The Maine State Forestry have completed their work at Spec and have moved to Bangor.

SONGO POND

Alton Rich spent Saturday at Songo Pond.

Mr. Graves is driving a Buick's truck on the road.

Fred Murphy has purchased a Ford sedan of Fred Littlefield.

Leonard Kimball is working on the road.

Kermit Sweeney is stopping a few days at Leonard Kimball's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones three children, Leslie, Isabel, Richard, from North Wales spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Herbert Damon.

Bertrand Rugg, Will Blum, Charlie Kimball were in town day.

Rose Penley, who has been sick, is gaining slowly.

Edward Lapham's young daughter has the whooping cough.

Mrs. Ben Inman is very sick. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Damon three children spent the day at Songo Pond.

Charles Damon.

TIGHT OLD COUGHS LOOSEN RIGHT

One little sip and the cough is gone—a few doses of tough old hang-on cough is no more—it's really wonderful watch how speedily bad, colds are put out of business.

Right away that tightness eases up—the bronchial pipe clear—you're on your toes happy and breathing easier.

You never know what how night you'll need this powerful harmless mixture that "acts fast"—so get a 45 cent bottle of Buckley's Mixture (triple) and keep it handy. W. E. Buckley and all druggists sell it and back it not deluged.

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for the third time in ten minutes rearranged the egg on the butterfly table, silver skittle-ball kettle to see that the wick of the lamp on its brazier-like stand was at the touch of a match. Minutes since she had been? Unbelievable. Time? She glanced at the time for her brother. It was 10:15. She went slowly through the house, ought to be prancing, the prospect of a party. She wasn't. Since the time she dreaded to meet the new girl, she knew at once, from the description, that the tall, dark, slender woman was Mrs. Walter Gerard. The village women were all in a "nifty dresser." She had a white gloved hand. Good afternoon, Miss Schuyler. Your neighbor, Mrs. Gerard, is my darling daughter. She drew forward a thin, sick, is gaining slowly. Edward Lapham's young daughter has the whooping cough. Mrs. Ben Inman is very sick. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Damon three children spent the day at Songo Pond. Charles Damon.

TIGHT OLD COUGHS LOOSEN RIGHT

One little sip and the cough is gone—a few doses of tough old hang-on cough is no more—it's really wonderful watch how speedily bad, colds are put out of business. Right away that tightness eases up—the bronchial pipe clear—you're on your toes happy and breathing easier. You never know what how night you'll need this powerful harmless mixture that "acts fast"—so get a 45 cent bottle of Buckley's Mixture (triple) and keep it handy. W. E. Buckley and all druggists sell it and back it not deluged.

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HILLTOPS CLEAR

By Emilie Loring

W.N.U. SERVICE

for the third time in ten minutes Prudence rearranged the egg-shell on the butterfly table, lifted the silver skittle-ball kettle to make sure that the wick of the spirit lamp on its brazier-like stand would be at the touch of a match. She glanced at the banjo clock. Only minutes since she had looked at it. Unbelievable. Time was flying on hands and knees. The clock? She glanced at the clock. Time for her brother. Who did it be?

He went slowly through the hall, ought to be prancing with nervousness at the prospect of a call. She wasn't. Since the family had she dreaded to meet new people. She opened the door. She knew at once, from Si Puff's description, that the tall woman facing her was Mrs. Walter Gerard. The village women were right, she was a "nifty dresser." She extended a white gloved hand.

Good afternoon, Miss Schuyler. I'm your neighbor, Mrs. Gerard, and she is my darling daughter Jean.

She drew forward a thin little in a soft pink frock who had been standing behind her. The child looked demurely. She had pucker eyes, pale, unhealthy skin, and hair.

"Don't you come in?"

As she would, Prudence could sense warmth into her invitation. She hated the suave voice, the way the woman flicked her eyelids, hated her smile, hated the flutter with which she settled on the wing chair. The child sat only on the ottoman beside her, eyes darting about the room.

"Mrs. Gerard babbled: "So glad to have a woman of my kind near. Of course our house all during the season, but that like having a neighbor. We that you will come often to Ledges. What an adorable skittle-ball kettle! Hello!"

Prudence wanted to snap, "No, don't room." Mrs. Gerard so blatantly a person to whom background would matter, but she couldn't deny her father's great-grandmother.

Prudence in action, Mrs. Gerard over the kettle. "It looks like a museum piece." "It is," said my dear, don't you realize it is a museum piece? That's the fame as a goldsmith has had the ends of the earth, using it!" She settled back in her chair. "As I was saying, my son-in-law is a bachelor; in consequence, I am never at a loss for company."

Prudence winked at Prudence with an impulse to scratch her. He was such a butterfly. He came from flower to flower, never to one girl. A quite natural for a rich man who has pursued all his life, don't you so, Miss Schuyler?"

He was intimating what Si Puff had said, that Rodney Gerard in terror of being married for fortune. Did the woman think she needed warning? A crash Prudence's reputation for courtesy, had been investigating the girl. The child scowled down at it. It made me mad to drop my mother folded complacent. "Darling daughter shouldn't be things until she is better educated. She is interested in nothing, Miss Schuyler."

Prudence called me K. K., his son's kid. Jean interrupted in his voice. "He comes to see you every day, doesn't he?"

The elfish eyes interrogating her brought a wave of color to Prue's face, the rush as of many waters in her ears. Mrs. Gerard anticipated her answer.

"How amusing that you should have imagined that, darling. Your Uncle Rodney is an indolent, good-natured boy; perhaps he might allow himself to be monopolized—for a time. You have a brother, dear Miss Schuyler?"

"If she calls me dear once more I'll throw something at her," Prudence told herself furiously. Aloud she informed smoothly:

"Yes, I expect him at any moment." She deliberately looked at the clock. Never in her life had she been so rude, but never before had she had such occasion, she excused herself.

"Coming today! Happy girl! I'll run away, you must be busy. You will come to High Ledges when we return in the spring, won't you. We close the house soon, so I am afraid—"

"Uncle Rod isn't going," Jean announced.

"Rodney not going!" Mrs. Gerard's suave voice shrilled. Her face reddened unbecomingly. Her blue eyes hardened; then she laughed and winked.

"This darling has the strangest fancies, Miss Schuyler. You won't forget me, will you?" She extended her white-gloved hand, showed her long teeth in a large smile, and started along the herring-bone brick path with a springiness bordering on juvenility. Her daughter lingered to whisper hoarsely:

"I know why Uncle Rodney isn't going back to the city. He's goofy about you." She stuck her tongue in her cheek and ran.

Prue's eyes smoldered as she watched mother and daughter enter the luxurious maroon touring car.

"Horrid woman," she thought passionately. "I wager that you are a scold, a hypocrite, I feel as if my heart and soul had stumbled into a nettle patch. They are all prickles."

She crossed to the window and tried to concentrate her attention on the road by which her brother would come, but thoughts of her recent callers would intrude.

It seemed ages before Gerard's shining black roadster swept into sight. She darted between the brick gateposts as it stopped.

"David! Dave, you dear!" Her voice choked. Had her brother grown gaunter since she had left him? She sprang to the running board and laid her glowing cheek against his white one. He held her close for a moment. His eyes, so like hers, were warm and tender, his voice was humorously unsteady, as he admitted:

"Prue, I wouldn't have believed that I could have missed being coded as I did. You've spoiled me. May I get out? This is a veritable armchair of a car, but I smell a wood fire and toast. I'm ravenous for that toast, aren't you, Gerard?"

Prudence blinked valiantly. "David, I'm as temperamental as ever. I forgot everything when I saw you, Mr. Gerard, remember that you promised to have tea with us."

"Thank you. I'm all for it. Better grab my arm, Schuyler. One is apt to be stiff after a long train ride."

Prudence put her arm under her brother's while Gerard stood behind him. They led him to the wing chair in front of the fireplace. He sank into it and closed his eyes. Her breath caught in a strangled sob. He looked up and smiled.

Prudence dropped to her knees beside him. "David, it is wonderful to have you here. You—you put the heart into the house. We'll

have the happiest time, and you will gain in weight and health every minute with the milk and eggs and chickens fresh from the garden. I'm some farmer already, am I not, Mr. Gerard? Why, when did he go?"

"I suspect that he slipped out when you and I forgot there was anyone else in the room, Prue."

"I'll bring him back, pronto."

She straightened the foot-cushion, dropped a kiss on the top of his head, picked up the silver kettle. No sign of Gerard in the dining room. She opened the kitchen door. He was perched on the corner of the pine table, his hands clasped about one knee as he talked to Jane Mack. Wonder of wonders! Macky was smiling!

"Tea is served in the club car!" Prudence announced in a stentorian tone, as she reached for the tea-kettle on the range from which to fill the silver one in her hand. Gerard seized it.

"Let me butte. I'll feel like an outlander at this family reunion unless I can help."

In the living room Prudence seated herself on a low stool beside her brother's chair. She answered his questions to the accompaniment of the purr of steam from the kettle, the crackle of the fire, the tinkle of silver on china. She concluded:

"The evening I arrived I racked my brain for a name for these acres we have inherited which would make our coming seem like a new deal. I seized a word which has been hiding in the dark recently, pulled it out into the light, and named the place Prosperity farm. Get the psychology? I christened the car Success—so that I never will fail to get me to my destination—but I can't decide what to call the poultry. They've just got to lay eggs for me and I must resort to autosuggestion."

"What's the matter with Nickels?"

"Grand! Picture me scattering corn, calling, 'Nickels! Nickels! A little action this morning! Eggs, Nickels, eggs!'"

After tea Gerard carried the tray to the kitchen. Prudence could hear the faint rumble of his voice as he talked to Jane Mack.

"The impossible has happened! Macky's granite heart has been chipped at last, David," she confided.

"Gerard certainly has an engaging manner. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing, except that even in the late era of frozen assets the bulk of his fortune remained fluid. Mrs. Si is his authority. That woman is a regular Who's Who for this village. The fact that he is rich tells me all I want to know."

"All rich men are not alike, Prue. You and I have been unfortunate in some we have known."

"David, do you think that I will ever forget the result of Julie's marriage to a playboy? She was the sweetest big sister a girl ever had, and she died of a broken heart. Forgive me, Dave, forgive me," she pleaded, as his head dropped back against the chair and his eyes closed.

She caught his hands tight in hers. "Why, why did I bring that up! We'll forget it. It's behind us. You've had a long, tiresome day, David, why not go to your room, then I'll tuck you into bed, and tomorrow you'll be rested and refreshed and I will show you everything."

"That program sounds good to me," He laid his hand on her shoulder and rose. He was tall and pathetically thin, but he held his head, with its thick, dark hair, with royal dignity.

"Everything's going to be all right now, Prue. Already I feel stronger. I will go up as you suggest. Say good afternoon to—here he is now," David Schuyler added, as Gerard entered. "I have been ordered to beat by my tyrant, so I'll say 'thank you' for bringing me from the train, and obey." He offered his hand with cordial friendliness.

"Let me give you my arm. Those steep stairs look tricky. If she will promise to be good we'll let your sister trail along."

From the hall Prudence watched the two men as they slowly mounted the stairs. Tears blinded her, David looked so frail, so weary, as if too strong a wind might blow him away. She shut her teeth hard in her lips. It was her job to see that a strong wind didn't touch him. One didn't stop to question when the most precious person in one's life was in danger; one did things. She wasn't much good if she couldn't stand between him and trouble.

Someone knocking! Another call-

er? Why had the neighbors started to be friendly today of all days when she wanted to devote herself to her brother? She opened the door. Her breath caught in a little gasp as she confronted Len Calloway.

"Good afternoon, Miss Schuyler. May I come in?" He entered the living room without waiting for an answer.

Prudence resented his assurance. "I can't talk business now, Mr. Calloway. My brother has just arrived and I want to be with him."

"I won't detain you but a moment. I came to ask you once more if you will give the contract for cutting your timber to me."

"I have already told you that I have arranged with Mr. Gerard to do it."

"Gerard!" Calloway shrugged his scorn. "You make me laugh! In



the first place, suppose Gerard should stick to the proposition long enough to begin work—he won't, but we'll let it go for the sake of argument—where would he get a crew to log for him? There isn't a man in this town who would dare work for Gerard if I said 'No!'"

"What's that?"

The question rang like a pistol shot. Calloway shifted his eyes from the girl's face to stare insultingly at the man in the doorway.

"I can't seem to take a step without running into you, can I, Gerard? Try to put me out of this house, just try! You won't catch me off my guard again. Perhaps you've appointed yourself Miss Schuyler's guardian, though?"

The scolding tone whitened Rodney Gerard's face. His eyes frightened Prudence. She took a quick step toward him. He shook his head. His smile was strained as he reassured:

"Okay, I shan't make a row when your brother is directly over this room. What do you want, Calloway?"

"What business is that of yours?"

"It is his business," Prudence turned to Gerard. "He came to warn me that if he did not cut my timber no one else should."

"Boy! So racketeering has struck this small village!"

Calloway's eyes retreated into their caverns. "Call it racketeering, it's all right with me. Contract with me to handle your timber and I'll treat you fair. If you don't—" He turned away with a suggestive laugh.

"You've had our answer. I'll cut that timber. Try to stop me. Just try!"

"Oh, I'll try."

Calloway set his hat at a rakish angle.

"Think it over! Think it over!" he advised, before he banged the door behind him.

Prue's eyes were bright with indignation. "I felt as if little importance in that corner as a cheer leader without a songbook and I am supposed to be a cheerleader. Can he do it? Can he do it?"

"Can he? Just wait and see. I'll watch him. There's a trick to it. I have made up my mind to do it. I will do a thing I do it. It will be something bigger than Len Calloway to stop me."

There was a knock. Prue went to the door and a man came in. His voice was heard:

"That isn't all I've made up, my mind to do either, but it is enough to announce for a starter."

(To be Continued Next Week.)

WEST BETHEL

Two large bears were taken through this village last week. Both were shot in Mason, one by George and Willard Young of Norway and the other by Rollie Dinsmore of Oxford.

Mrs. Cora Brown spent Sunday with Mrs. Harlan Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Kneeland and two children, Frederick and Joseph, were in town Sunday.

Mrs. Ella Hutchinson has returned to Mrs. Will Mason's after visiting in Norway and Bolster's Mills for a short time.

The Grange observed Children's Night, Tuesday, Oct. 22d. The school children furnished the entertainment and refreshments were served by the Grange.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Rolfe are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Patricia Mae, born Oct. 17th. Both mother and baby are fine. Mrs. Philip Rolfe is caring for them.

Warren Bean spent the week end at home.

Madelyn Bell visited relatives in town over the week end.

School closed Wednesday on account of the annual convention of the Maine Teachers' Association at Portland. Next week is the regular vacation week also.

Mr. and Mrs. Carmelo Onofrio and Miss Margaret Bennett were in Norway Saturday.

Laura Hutchinson was home from Hebron over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bennett and family were in Portland Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mizener and family of Chesterville called on her sister, Mrs. Ed Mason Saturday. They were on their way to visit Mrs. Mizener's mother, Mrs. Lydia Weatherh, of Mason.

Several young people from this vicinity attended church at Bethel Sunday evening.

Henry Weatherh has finished work at Watford and is at home.

Carl Penley of Albany was at Carlton Saunders' recently.

A nutting party was enjoyed by the Young People's Club Sunday afternoon.

GREENWOOD CENTER

Mr. Laura Seames and family enjoyed a trip to the White Mountains Sunday.

Mr. Marshall of Lynchville is working in the woods and boarding at Roy Martin's.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Jacobs and friends of Berlin were at Camp Wagner over the week end.

Miss Mary Martin called on Mrs. Annie Day at Bryant Pond Sunday.

Arthur and Rupert Tracy of Norway were in the place recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waterhouse and Fred Waterhouse of West Paris; Ernest Martin, Edward Hiltunen and George Batchelder of Norway and Lee Mills of Albany were at R. L. Martin's Sunday.

L. D. Hodgkins and family of South Portland were at the Stowell farm for the week end.

M. T. Abbott of Mechanic Falls was in the place Monday.

Harry Sweeney of Portland called at Ross Martin's recently.

Suredrane

THE LASTING ROOF

Have just unloaded another car of Reeves copper steel galvanized roofing, all 26 gauge. Let us quote applied price.

We also have just unloaded a car of very nice CEDAR SHINGLES.

Lumber and Millwork as usual.

H. Alton Bacon

Bryant Pond, Me.

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Each word more than 25, one cent per word the first week, and one-half cent per word each succeeding week.

Any changes of copy after first insertion will be considered a new advertisement and charged accordingly.

For Sale

FOR SALE—An Ivers & Pond piano. Will sell cheap. Inquire of MRS. W. B. TWADDLE, Bethel, Maine. 29

RUG AND KNITTING YARNS for sale by manufacturer. Samples and knitting directions free. H. A. BARTLETT, Harmony, Maine. 32

FOR SALE—Buescher B Flat Trumpet, cost new \$125. Will sell at reasonable price. Inquire at Citizen Office. 30

FOR SALE—Seven room house, stable and garden at Skillingston, the home of the late Fannie B. Sanborn. Price to settle estate, \$1050. MRS. ADA POWER, 165 Ocean Ave., Woodfords, Portland, Maine. 36p

POTATOES FOR SALE, 50 cents a bushel. MRS. MARY LADD, Bethel. 29

FOR SALE—Two Complete Sets of Drums. Will sell cheap. Inquire of E. W. ELDREDGE, Bethel. 29

FOR SALE—MacIntosh, Blue Pear Main and Wolf River apples. M. F. TYLER, Bethel, Grover Hill. 26tf

FOR SALE—Cord Wood, sawed to order. Stove wood seasoned under cover. FRED I. CLARK, Bethel. 22tf

New and Used Ranges, and Franklin stoves. New Peterson range burner now installed for \$25. All brass and chromium plated. Electric Furnace Burners. Furnaces vacuum cleaned on order. H. ALTON BACON, Bryant Pond, Me. 27

Miscellaneous

WILL the person who has been caring for my three legged black cat for the last months bring him back to me? LESTON A. WHEELER, Northwest Bethel. 30p

WANTED—A chance to do housework. MRS. LOIS MORRILL, Bethel, Maine. 30

PIANO TUNING—H. L. White will be in Bethel early in November. Orders with F. J. Tyler or write Box 6, Auburn, Me. 30

Adelaide Louise Beauty Parlor—Finger wave, marcel, manicure, 35c. Hot oil shampoo and wave, 35c. Facial, 50c. Elsie B. Aubin, Mason St., Tel. 43-2. 23tf

Firearms, Ammunition, and Traps. Supplies, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. I. BEAN, Bethel, Maine. Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts. 21tf

Argentine Gauchos of

American Cowboy Variety

The early occupation of catching and taming wild cattle and horses on the great pampas of Argentina produced a type of frontiersman somewhat like that of the American cowboy of the years between 1800 and 1850, yet more distinctly resembling the Cossack of southern Russia during the decades preceding the World war.

The gaucho was above all things a horseman, never dismounting except to sleep beside his animal. His weapons against cattle and men were the lasso and the bolesta, the latter being made of balls of metal or stone, fastened together by a thong, and so hurled as to coil around the legs of the man or beast aimed at, producing an immediate halt.

Round the gaucho clings all the romance of the pampas, for he was accepted as the embodiment of the primitive virtues of daring, endurance and loyalty.

A Pressing Matter

By EMELINE BOYER
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate,
WNU Service.

"STAY where you are, Jole, and keep your hands in sight," Detective Big Jim Dunn halted the young man's nervous pacing. "We were anxious to see you," he went on in the same even voice, "so we got a pass-key from the janitor and came in."

"We want you to come down to headquarters," said the detective. "You've got nothing on me."

"Too bad about Sol Moses," observed Big Jim. "He worked hard all his life, lived in two little rooms above his store, didn't even get glasses when he needed them."

And now, when he'd put his boy through college and was gonna retire to the country, he gets bumped off on his way to the bank tonight."

He paused, but Jole offered no comment. "Somebody was after his money, I guess," Big Jim continued, "but left without taking it, or his gun either. Maybe he was afraid that his shot had attracted too much attention."

"Whadda tryin' to feed me?" asked Jole derisively. "The banks close at noon on Saturday."

"But the night depository doesn't," answered the detective.

Jole was unimpressed. "What do I care about Sol Moses and his chicken-feed?" he asked airily.

Big Jim's reply was a question. "What have you been living on since Louie was sent up the river?"

"Oh, I have an income," replied Jole, grandly.

"You wouldn't think an old fellow like Sol would put up a fight," remarked the detective.

If he expected a reply, he was disappointed. With a yawn that looked real, Jole observed, "Well, drop in again some time—any time. I'm going to bed now."

"Since when do you go to bed at half past ten?" asked Big Jim.

"Is that what you wanted me to come down to headquarters to find out?" Jole inquired sweetly.

"No," said the detective. "We wanted to ask you where you were this evening."

"Right here," declared Jole flatly. "Reading and smoking?" asked Big Jim.

"Reading," answered Jole; "but I've cut out smoking." His glance strayed over the empty ash trays.

The detective's eyes followed him. "I thought you might like to see this," he said, taking from his pocket a piece of cloth—cheap, shoddy suit material. "It was in Sol's hand," he explained. "Somebody in the crowd said it matched a suit you've been wearing."

Big Jim did not need to take the word of some one in the crowd. The material matched the suit that Jole had on.

But Jole's smile remained idyllic. "I don't feel any draft," he remarked, "but praps you'd like to take a look." He rose and insolently turned about.

"Look it over, boys," Big Jim ordered. The policemen did, thoroughly.

"Well, I guess we've drawn a blank," he observed. "But we'll take a look around before we go."

At the end of an hour, everything had been subjected to a close scrutiny, without result. But Big Jim was not through. "You boys stay here and keep your eye on Jole," he ordered. "I'll be back soon."

In less than ten minutes, Big Jim returned. "Too bad," he told Jole, "that the new janitor didn't keep the incinerator going. I found another pair of pants down there just like yours; only the other pair had a piece torn out."

Jole's calm was apparently unbroken. "So what?" he asked, rising and moving aimlessly toward

Big Jim. But with a sudden motion his aimlessness disappeared. He leaped for the door.

The detective was too quick for him. With a flying tackle that would seem impossible for one his size, he brought Jole to the floor.

"Lucky there was a new janitor up there," observed one of the policemen to Big Jim, after Jole had signed a confession.

"Yes," replied Big Jim. "Jole wouldn't have believed me if I had told him that an old hand had forgotten the incinerator."

"Did the piece in Sol's hand just fit in the hole in the pants?" asked the policeman.

"I don't know," was the reply. "Didn't you try it?" The policeman was obviously shocked.

Big Jim reached in his pocket and pulled out a handful of twisted buttons.

"Here's what I found in the incinerator," he explained. "The janitor was right on the job."

"So it was a bluff," said the policeman admiringly. "But what made you think of a two-pants suit?"

"When Jole stood up for us to look him over," explained Big Jim, "I noticed that his pants were pressed, but that his coat was wrinkled. Just before I came on duty at six o'clock," he confessed, grinning, "my wife made me take off my coat and let her press it, because I looked the same way."

"I guess that's why they pay us only \$100 a month on this job," he observed; "so that we have to buy two-pants suits."

Pipes From Bones Among Earliest Ways to Smoke

About four thousand years ago, when there were no pipes, people "smoked" by squatting around an incense-burning fire and inhaling the fumes. Such a procedure invariably made them "drunk."

The clean, comforting, modern briar has many strange antecedents, some of which are still in service amongst remote tribes.

The Kirghis shepherds of Turkestan smoke a pipe fashioned from the knuckle-bone of a lamb from which the marrow has been scooped out and a hole punched in the thicker end for the bowl. An accepted authority on smoking utensils once discovered a child's thigh bone put to a similar use in China. The Red Indians of Nova Scotia formerly converted lobster claws into effective pipes, while, to gratify novelty hunters, Eskimos carve elaborate and artistic pipes out of walrus tusks.

Old soldiers may recall the primitive earth pipes built by Indians during the war. A small hole was dug in the ground and stuffed with tobacco. Into it a stick was thrust almost horizontally, and the earth pressed firm on top of it, so that, when withdrawn, a tiny air tube remained. Then the smoker, having lit his favorite weed, applied his lips to the tube.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Ways of a Magyar Maid

A Magyar maid likes to test her suitor's persistence. When he raps at her door, she lets him rap, in rain or shine, until only but the most persevering—that is a Magyar—lover would give up and take his attentions elsewhere. But when he is finally admitted to the kitchen—the room where all the courting is done in peasant homes—he finds adequate compensation. If the family is not considerate enough to leave them alone they have their own way of securing privacy. They seat themselves on a bench in a corner, and with one arm the lover throws his ample cloak over them both, completely covering them, while with the other he draws his sweetheart closer.

LOCKE MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Estes and family were in Rumford Saturday. Corinne King of Bryant Pond visited her grandmother, Mrs. Clara Brown, over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Littlefield were in Portland Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Keniston and family are moving to West Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Littlefield, Mrs. Bertha Davis, Mrs. Jeanette Tebbets, Mrs. Florence Ring and Mrs. Marion Tebbets attended an Eastern Star meeting at Bryant Pond Friday evening.

The Community Club held a card party at the Legion Hall Wednesday evening. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served by Florence Rand, Mae Farrington, Elsie Bennett and Mildred Cummings. A good time was enjoyed by all. There will be another Oct. 31. It is hoped everyone will attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Tebbets and family were in Auburn Saturday.

Schools closed Wednesday for teachers' convention and a week's vacation.

Mrs. Charles Day went to West Bethel Sunday to see her daughter, Clarence Rolfe, and little daughter, Patricia May.

Sandpaper Backing Was Originally Just Paper

Sandpaper backing was originally ordinary paper. With the development of strong manila fiber papers these were adopted as more satisfactory backing materials. Later, says a writer in the Scientific American, for special uses, backings of cloth or a combination of cloth and paper gave better service and endured greater stress. The strength of glues and adhesives also was vastly improved.

The primary form of sandpaper has generally been the roll, made in widths up to 36 inches. From this were cut sheets, disks, covers for drums and molded forms to meet special requirements in various industries. The nature of the grits, or abrasive particles, was exhaustively studied, and countless experiments made to improve their efficiency.

Quartz, though tough, did not provide sufficient strength for severe work in the metal trades. Experiments were made with other materials. Garnet, the same mineral used for jewelry, was found to be highly satisfactory, especially for woodworking, and is used to produce the familiar "red" sandpaper.

A revolutionary development came with perfection of the electric furnace. It was found that aluminum oxide and silicon carbide could be fused at high temperatures to make two synthetic minerals which, when crushed, provided grains of amazing hardness with extremely efficient cutting edges. Garnet, aluminum oxide and silicon carbide are the minerals almost exclusively used for sandpaper.

Roman Surgeon's Forceps

Several forceps and other surgical instruments found in Ijubljana, in Yugoslavia, by workmen digging the foundations of a church, are believed to date from Roman times. The instruments were in an earthen urn, which also contained ashes, and it is assumed that the ashes were those of a doctor whose instruments were buried with him.

The Word "Flour"

The word flour is a collective noun, coming under the classification of substances of indefinite quantity like butter, water, etc. These nouns are generally used in the singular number, but when different sources or kinds of the substance are indicated may be used in the plural number.

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

METHODIST CHURCH

P. J. Clifford, Pastor
9:45—Church School
11:00—Morning Worship. Sesquicentennial Observance.

6:30—Epworth League.
7:30—Evening Worship. Hymn. Subject, Ghosts and Goblins.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

9:30 Church School. Miss Packard, Superintendent.
Morning Service at 11:00.
Speaker, Rev. Walter B. Williams, Brockton, Mass. Title of sermon, "When God Says No."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Services Sunday morning, 10:45.

"Probation After Death" is subject of the Lesson-Sermon read in all Churches of Christ, October 23. Among the quotations from the Bible is the following: "And they rose up the hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and they that were with them, saying, The Lord is risen, and hath appeared to us." (Luke 24:33, 34).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes passages from the Christian Science textbook, "Science with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, one of the reads: "Jesus' unchanged physical condition after what seemed death was followed by his exaltation above all material conditions, and this exaltation explained ascension, and revealed unchangeably a probationary and progressive state beyond the grave (p. 10).

BORN

In West Bethel, Oct. 17, to wife of Clarence Rolfe, a daughter, Patricia Mae.

DIED

In Norway, Oct. 18, Dr. I. P.monds, aged 66 years.
In Bethel, Oct. 21, True A. E. aged 54 years.

GORHAM NORMAL SCHOOL

Miss Lois Andrews of Portland was the week end guest at Gorham Normal School of the Misses Cohen, Barbara Howard, and Hinds of Rumford.

Last Thursday evening the C. A. held its annual Recognition Service. This being one of the beautiful and inspirational things held by the Y. W. C. A. the year. New members, dressed white, and bearing lighted candles, marched to the assembly room to be welcomed and received in association. Among those present were Ruth Gilpatrick, Lucia G. Avis Hinds, Sonia Cohen and Barbara Howard.

An Indian Pow-wow took place in Center last Saturday evening. The Chief of the Four Winds and many of his followers there to enjoy an evening of singing and entertainment. This novel entertainment was sponsored by the Camp Fire Girls of G. N. S. This affair was attended by Oxford County students.

Miss Enna Vinal, a Gorham student visited the Rev. Mrs. Clifford of Bethel last week end with friends in Portland.

Miss Margaret Dalzell of Portland visited the Rev. Mrs. Clifford of Bethel last week end with friends in Portland.

Ruth Gilpatrick of Brownfield visited the Rev. Mrs. Clifford of Bethel last week end with friends in Portland.

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